GITA GOVINDAM

THE SONG OF DIVINE LOVE

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Well-known educationist and author, is an Oxonian of repute, taking his Honours degree in Oriental Languages —Egyptian, Coptic and Arabic. He came to India in 1925, after spending three years and more on research in Egypt and Palestine, as a member of the Egypt Exploration Society, of the excavations of Sir W. F. Petrie and of the Universities of Philadelphia and Harvard. He took part in the Palestine and Egyptian excavations during 1922-25 in charge of language and general supervision.

Invited by Dr. Besant to help her in her educational work, he worked as Headmaster, Theosophical High School, Madanapalle, for four years and, later, was in charge of several Educational Institutions in North and South India for many years.

After 1944, he retired from his educational work and took to spiritual studies and writings; these have resulted in his contribution of 'THE WORLD GOSPEL SERIES' in 19 volumes, offering the essence of the World's greatest Scriptures, translated and edited by him as a mark of his deep and living sympathy for each one of them.

Kalakshetra is happy to present this fine translation of the 'GITA GOVINDA' of Sri Jayadeva.

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भरतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

THE SONG OF DIVINE LOVE

(SRI GITA-GOVINDA)

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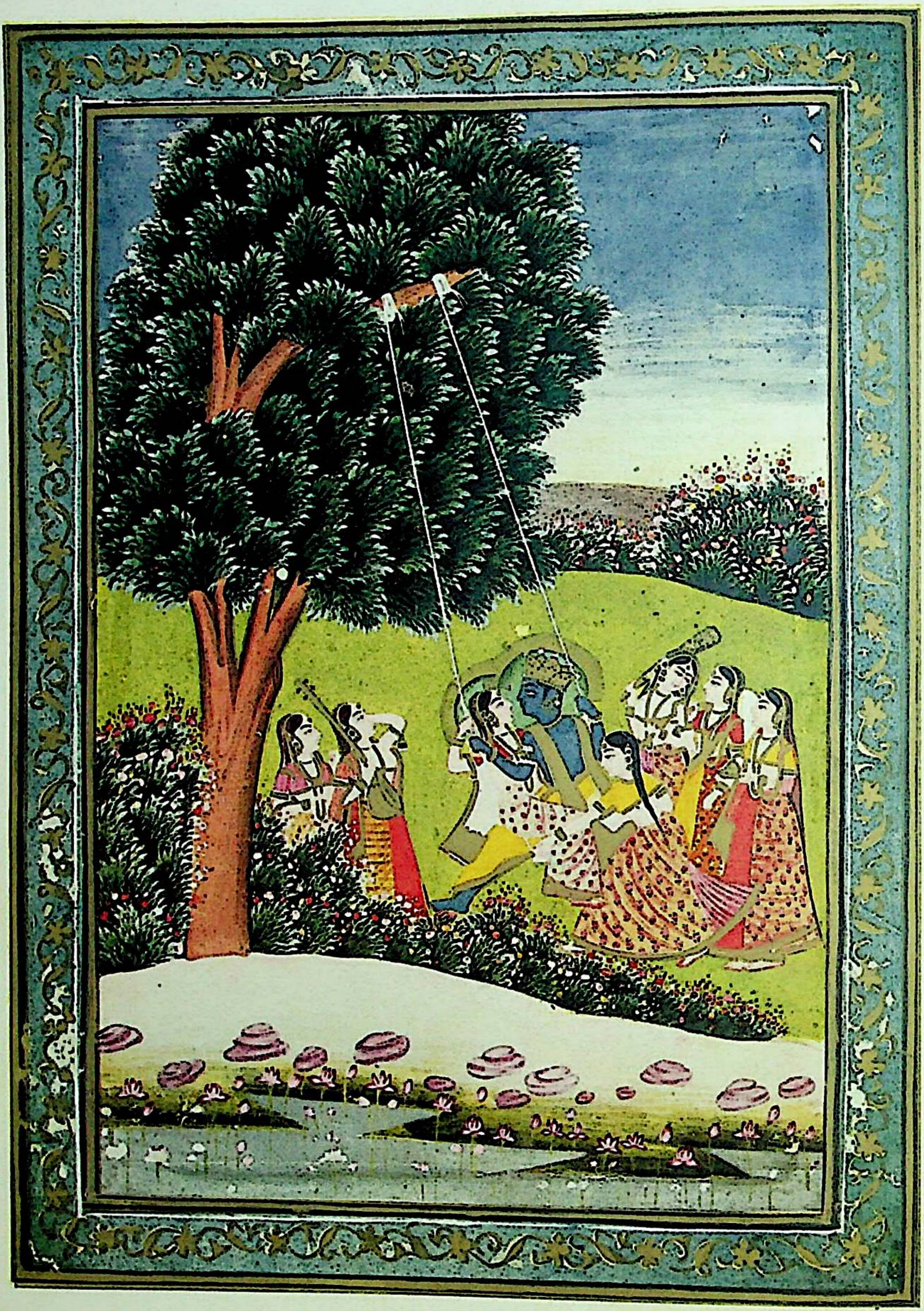

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THE SONG OF DIVINE LOVE

(GITA-GOVINDA)

OF

SRI JAYADEVA

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH POETRY IN 1945,
WITH A LIFE OF JAYADEVA AND A RUNNING
COMMENTARY ADDED IN 1957

BY

DUNCAN GREENLEES
(M.A. OXON.)

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PREFACE

SRI JAYADEVA's 'Gitagovindam' has been rightly acclaimed as one of the loveliest and most beloved poems in the Sanskrit language, one of the loveliest indeed in the whole treasury of human literature. This comes from several factors: It is the work of a great lover, whose life was passionately devoted to his God Sri Krishna, and at the same time to his loving wife, to two close friends, and to everyone he met; it is the work also of a great poet, one with admirable skill in melody and rhythm, a master of his medium, and a master also of those deeper layers of the human heart with which he deals.

It has been called a masterpiece of erotic literature. It is this, but so infinitely more as to render the praise almost an insult. For in reading it, as Jayadeva himself repeatedly warns us, and the whole nature of his own life proves, we must always remember that it deals not with human or sensual love, but with the eternal Love between God and His human devotees. It should be read, then, in the light of the *Gopi-prema* depicted in 'Srimadbhagavatam', the classic of Vaishnava scriptures, and has nothing whatever in common with the debased, degrading and blasphemous pictures with which the cinema has so unhappily made us familiar in India today.

Let me quote here three testimonies to this fact, which I happened to meet while working for this book. Sir William Jones, "On the Mystical Poetry of the Persians and Hindus" (note the title!), writes: "Let us return to the Hindus, among whom we now find the same emblematic theology, which Pythagoras admired and adopted. The loves of Krishna and Radha, or the reciprocal attraction between the divine goodness and the human soul, are told at large in the tenth book of the *Bhagavat*, and are the subject of a little Pastoral Drama, entitled Gitagovinda." Macauliffe, in his "The Sikh Religion", vol. VI, p. 10: "Notwithstanding the lusciousness and sensuous beauty of several parts of the *Gitagovind*, there can be no doubt that Jaidev intended the poem as an elaborate religious allegory. This, too, is insisted on by the author of the *Bhagat Mala*, who states that the love scenes and rhetorical graces of the poet are not to be understood in the sense that persons of evil minds and dispositions attach to them. Radhika, the heroine, is heavenly wisdom. The milkmaids who divert Krishna from his allegiance to her, are the senses of smell, sight, touch, taste and hearing. Krishna represented as pursuing them is the human soul, which attaches itself to earthly pleasures. The return of Krishna to his first love is the return of the repentant sinner to God, which gives joys in heaven." No, friend, I fear you have it all upside down! And one writer, whose name I carelessly omitted to note, says: "Some in their blind folly have dared to spit filth at this holy thing, naming this wonderful poem erotic, even obscene, in their false self-righteousness. They cannot approach the sweet darkness of the dim arbour or shrine wherein the soul of Man is at-oned with his eager all-loving God, and in their madness try to besmirch the devotee with the slime of their own defilement. Alas for an age wherein man denies his purest treasure." Not only ignorant Christian missionaries, but still more deplorably ignorant so-called Hindus, have thus blasphemed a holy thing in this lovely poem of Divine Love.[1]

Unhappily it has been a fact that hitherto those competent in Western languages have generally been so prejudiced in their religious thought that it has been impossible for them truly to render other Scriptures, or such a poem which describes the highest emotions in another faith, the Hindu. Too often they have been mere Orientalists, scholars of Sanskrit, or dilettantes of erotism, and so they have spoiled the sweetness which should have enriched their work. Approaching the 'Gitagovindam' with a reverential love for Sri Krishna, as one Name

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[1] Dr. Oswald Schwarz, "The Psychology of Sex", (*Penguins*), p. 95, has: "As sexuality is the supreme manifestation of the closest possible union with another being, and as sexual terms are the only ones in which human language can express such a union, mystics in their attempts to describe their ecstasies use sexual words, well knowing how pitifully inadequate they are. This fact has misled some quick-witted but careless psychologists into the absurd, almost obscene, contention that religious ecstasy is 'nothing but' a sexual experience." This passage, from a modern psychologist, approaches our contention from the opposite angle and is valuable evidence of its truth. I believe there is *no* mystic, to whatever credal loyalty he may adhere, who has not used these 'sexual' terms to refer to the Divine experience of supernal union,

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and Form of the all-perfect universal God of Love, I have felt that even where greater scholars have preceded me there was still room for a new version of this poem in English poetic form.

Primarily I have based my work on the Sanskrit text and commentary issued under the name of Gurudatta Sharma at Matunga, Bombay, making slight use also of the transposed text and poetic Hindi rendering by Raychand Nagar in his 'Gitagovindarsh' published at Lakhnau in 1926. Gurudatta Sharma's Hindi translation is both accurate and simple, keeping close to the original. Then I have used the translation by Sir William Jones into archaic English prose, which keeps somewhat close to the text but is infinitely far from its spirit, heavy and latinic—as was characteristic of its age, the 18th century. Sir Edwin Arnold's rendering, like his justly far more famous "Light of Asia", is rather a paraphrase than a translation. Though as poetry it is readable, it is sometimes hard to be sure of just which *sloka* or *ashtapadi* he is rendering; his attempt to clothe the poem in words suited to European romance and chivalry is also most unfortunate. The last version I used was that in French verse by Gaston Courtillier (Paris, 1904); a charming piece of French but so far from Jayadeva's spirit, so far from his purport and intent, as to seem in many places sheer blasphemy. He portrays Sri Krishna almost as a faithless Parisian artist in love with a beautiful model, penitent over his many infidelities!

No human work can be perfect. Certainly I would be a fool to think my own came anywhere near the perfection of Sri Jayadeva's inspired work of Divine art. Yet it has been sheer joy to work upon it, and if even one reader who knows no Sanskrit can derive from the reading of this one-tenth of what the original has given me—blessed indeed would be my pen and the humble typewriter which have laboured on it to earn for him a share in my own joy. To Sri Jayadeva himself, and behind him to the Divine Sri Krishna and His eternal Lover Sri Radhika whose Love-Play was described by him, be all the glory.

SUBHAM ASTU!

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SRI JAYADEVA'S LIFE [1]

It was in the heart of the chivalric age, east and west, in the latter half of the twelfth century, and at Kendubilva, a small village in Dt. Birbhum in Lower Bengal. A poor Brahmin, Bhojadeva, and his pious wife, Radhadevi or Bamadevi, had a son. Jayadeva's life is told for us by Munshi Haribakshji in his *Haribhakta-prakasa*, and in the *Bhakta-mala*, where he is known as a very incarnation of melody. To meet a debt, his parent had to surrender their house to a neighbour named Niranjan. One day it caught fire, Jayadeva at once ran inside, and the fire was at once extinguished. Niranjan prostrated to the young boy and became his life-long devotee. Left an orphan when still a child, Jayadeva lived in rags and had only a waterpot in hand, but spent most of his time worshipping God and singing His holy Names.

About this time Jayadeva left his village with his neighbour Parāshara, making pilgrimage to Puri. On the way he fell swooning with thirst; Sri Krishna Himself, in the form of a cowherd, brought him fresh water and cool milk and fanned him with His cloth; then He led the two devotees as far as Puri, and there vanished. After visiting the Deity in the temple there, Jayadeva continued to live in great poverty, having not even pen, ink or paper of his own. His heart was full of the love of God, and to avoid all other attachments he would not even sleep twice under the same tree. One day he saw in a vision Sri Krishna smiling at him with His Flute in hand; this led afterwards to the beginning of his great poem; later he saw visions of the Ten Avatars, one after another; he took the broad sea in front of him for the holy Yamuna in his ecstasy.

Sudeva Sarma, an Agnihotri Brahman of Puri, long had no children; he promised to offer the first one born to him to Lord Jagannathji.

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[1] I have compiled this short sketch from the introduction to Sri Gurudatta Sarma's "*Sri Gitagovindam Radhavinodanca*", Macauliffe's *The Sikh Religion*, vol. VI, and Hanuman Prasad Poddar's *Premi-bhakta*, from the Gita Press, Gorakhpur.

A dream promised a daughter and bade Sudeva give her as wife to Jayadeva. He took the little maid to this fervent devotee to be his wife, but Jayadeva protested his entire unfitness and unwillingness for the householder's life. However, as Sudeva insisted that such was the will of Sri Krishna Himself, Jayadeva had no option but to accept the faithful service of the girl Padmāvati. He married her and took her back with him to the old village home of Kendubilva in Bengal. They lived happily together absorbed in loving devotion to the Lord, and she was like his very shadow, anticipating his every need. Here he built a hut and installed an image of Sri Krishna; and about this time he began to write his famous poem "*Sri Gitagovinda*", the only known instance of a great poem being written in a language already 'dead'. In its original Sanskrit it is most exquisite in its melody, metaphors and alliterations; it is nightly chanted in many villages of Karnataka and known and loved all over India to our days. In the fifteenth century it was one of the favourite books of Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

While writing the verse in Song 19: "The only remedy is when you place the tender petals of your dear delicious feet upon My head as diadem divine", Jayadeva felt shocked at his own idea and left the writing incomplete. He went out for his bathe, intending to finish the verse on his return. Meanwhile Sri Krishna Himself took his form, asked the book from Padmavati and wrote the vital words "*dehi me pāda-pallavamudāram*" in His own hand, took food from Padmavati, and lay down to sleep on the bed. When Jayadeva himself returned, he was amazed to find the ending written thus for him, and hearing the story from Padmavati and finding the Divine form on the bed vanished away, he realised how blessed his wife had been to serve food to the Lord with her own hands. Krishna Himself then told Jayadeva the whole story in a dream.

At this time the King of Orissa was also a poet and a scholar; he wrote a "Gita-Govinda" of his own and tried to get it accepted instead of Jayadeva's work. Both books were laid before the Deity in the temple all night behind locked doors; in the morning Jayadeva's book was found on top of the King's. In his chagrin the King wanted to fast to death, but in a dream Sri Krishna told him his book too was accepted, but Jayadeva being the greater devotee his work was preferred; in each chapter of Jayadeva's book one verse by the King was incorporated on the Lord's order, and so he was satisfied.

One night the daughter of the Puri temple gardener was singing a Song from the Poem in the garden there; next morning the robes on the Deity in the closed temple were found torn and disordered. The King and the priests were greatly disturbed until in identical dreams Sri Krishna told them how He had danced to the song and so got His clothes torn on the brambles in the garden; then it was ordained that the Songs must only be sung in a pure place because the Lord Himself might be dancing to their melodies, loving them so much.

At one time Jayadeva was living in East Bengal; the King there gave him great honour, and when he was starting on pilgrimage through wild forests insisted on loading him with gifts. He was near Jaipur in a dense forest when four robbers met him, and on their demand he gave them all he had. Suspecting he might later accuse them, they cut off his hands and feet and threw him into a well, which fortunately was dry. Here he spent many hours, joyfully singing God's name. When King Lakshmanasena of Gaud came by, one of his soldiers heard the songs; he was taken out of the well and lovingly carried to the court, and there tended till the wounds healed. One day the King gave a great feast; these four robbers in disguise were among the many *sadhus* who came there. However Jayadeva recognised them, told the King they were his dear friends, and had the King load them with gifts and send an escort with them to the boundaries of his realm. On the way, the escort asked how Jayadeva came to know these men, and they made up a tale that they had saved him from execution as a thief in Karnataka. Lightning fell from heaven on the spot and all four were slain. The escort hurried back with the news.

When Jayadeva heard he began to weep, so kind his heart; as he would strike his hands together in woe, God restored his hands and feet. Then the King got the whole truth from him and recognised how great a saint he really was, having nothing but love for those who had so ill-treated him. Still he was sorry that his accepting the King's gifts had led the men to so dreadful an end. The King made Jayadeva bring his wife also to the court, and there he lived with her in great honour, the Queen often visiting Padmavati with her ladies. Along with Jayadeva were at that time the other great poets named in his introduction—Umāpatidhara Misra, Govardhanāchārya, Kavirāja Dhoi and Sharana. But among them all his fame spread far and wide " like a sun among stars, an eagle among the birds ". Men of all creeds delighted in his Poem, and later on a Mughal while riding along once read it with such delight that he fell into ecstatic communion with Sri Krishna.

So the two simple souls lived near the palace, served by the Queen herself. One day Padmavati spoke slightingly of a wife who had to arrange for *sati*, as real devotion would cause a loving wife to die immediately when her husband passed away. To test her words, the Queen sent news to her one day that Jayadeva had died suddenly; at once Padmavati fell on the ground and passed away. When the King came there with Jayadeva there was great consternation, and the Queen was deeply repentant of her foolish lie. But Jayadeva, thinking as the loss of him had caused her death, so his recovery would cause her revival, began to sing the " Gita-Govinda ", and in a few moments Padmavati sat up and began to join in the Songs.

After some time the happy devotees returned to their village home; they lived there together an ideal life among saintly folk in constant remembrance of God. As he grew older and older it became hard for him to fulfil his vow to bathe daily in the Ganga, which was at a great distance from his house. One day he went there slowly and painfully, and was returning even more slowly when he fell down in a dead faint. The King had him picked up in a palanquin and carried home, urging him hereafter always to use this vehicle when going for his bath. But he refused to break his vow to go walking. The goddess Gangadevi was so pleased with this that she herself entered the well near his house, so that he could bathe daily in her holy water without the strain of the long walk.

The last we hear of Jayadeva in history is when he took his wife, his friends Parāshara and Niranjan, to Brindāvan on pilgrimage. While he was there, Padmavati had the happiness to leave her body at the holy place, and Jayadeva himself died soon after returning home to his natal village. His name shines among the greatest of devotees in India, and two short poems by him are even included by Guru Arjan in the holy Scripture of the Sikhs. His tomb is honoured by the villagers of Kendubilva (Kenduli) to our own days.

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SRI GITA-GOVINDA

(SYNOPSIS)

Chapter One:

Having once tasted the sweetness of God's Love, Radha, the Soul, is ceaselessly seeking to know it again and more fully. To her comes a dear friend, the Guru, who points out to her that God belongs to all and she can have no monopoly of His Love.

Song 1. *pralayapayodhi jale dhṛtavānasi vēdam.*
Song 2. *śritakamalākuca maṇḍala dhṛta kuṇḍala e.*
Song 3. *lalita lavanga latā pariśīla na komala malaya samīre.*
Song 4. *candana carcita nīla kalevara pīta vasana Vanamāli.*

Chapter Two:

Thus Radha's jealousy is aroused and her love increased; she feels she has in no way deserved God's neglect and protests that the other devotees themselves are aware of the injustice done to her.

Song 5. *sancaradadhara sudhāmadhuradhvani mukharita mohanavaṅsaṁ.*
Song 6. *nibhṛtanikunja gṛhaṁ gatayā niśi rahasi nilīya vasantam.*

Chapter Three:

Radha's love draws Krishna to her, but, seeking her in vain because of the anger aroused in her, He wanders here and there dwelling on her love.

Song 7. *māmiyaṁ calitā vilokya vṛtaṁ vadhūnicayēna sāparādhatayā*
mayāpi na vāritā atibhayena.

Chapter Four:

Seated alone in His arbour of love, Krishna dwells on the thought of His devotee, and presently the Guru comes to Him to assure Him of her passionate love for Him. Without Him she cannot bear to live, for every moment is filled with misery. Surely He, the Source of Love, will respond to her need;

Song 8. *nindati candanamindukiraṇamanuvindati khedamadhīram.*
Song 9. *stanavinihitamapi hāramudāram.*

CHAPTER FIVE:

The Lord sends the Guru-Gopi back to Radha, the Soul, with assurance of His own passionate love for her, keeping her always in His mind and suffering every kind of misery in her absence.

Song 10. *vahati malayasamīre madanamupanidhāya sphuṭati kusumanikare virahihṛdayadalanāya.*
Song 11. *ratisukhasāre gatamabhisāre madanamanoharaveśam.*

CHAPTER SIX:

Finding her mistress in no way consoled, the Gopi returns to Krishna and tells Him how she now regrets having ever known Him, being distraught by her love's despair.

Song 12. *paśyati diśi diśi rahasi bhavantam.*

CHAPTER SEVEN:

Even in the lovely moonlight, recalling moments of past delight, He delays His coming to her, and she grows more and more desperate, losing hope of winning Him even by the Guru's aid and insisting that nothing but union with Him can pacify her heart. Jealousy again flames up as she imagines that He is engrossed with some other of the devotees to her neglect.

Song 13. *kathitasamaye api Harirahaha na yayau vanam.*
Song 14. *smarasamarocitaviracita veśā.*
Song 15. *samuditamadane ramaṇīvedane cumbanavalitādhare.*
Song 16. *anilataralakuvalayanayanena.*

CHAPTER EIGHT:

Early in the morning she sees her Love wearing traces of His dalliance with the other devotee, and she scolds His heartlessness to her.

Song 17. *rajanijanita guru jāgararāga kaṣāyita malasaniveśam,*

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CHAPTER NINE:

While she broods on her absent Love, the Gopi pleads with her to put away the bitterness which keeps Him afar, for in the presence of egoism God cannot manifest to the Soul.

Song 18. *Harirabhisarati vahati madhupavane.*

CHAPTER TEN:

So that miserable day passed, and in the evening she saw her Love again, pleading with her to put away everything that keeps them apart, to do anything she likes to Him, provided she only gives to Him all her love and beauty which have won His heart.

Song 19. *vadasi yadi kiñcidapi dantarucikaumudī harati daratimiramatighoram.*

CHAPTER ELEVEN:

So at last Krishna turns away her anger, and while she adorns herself with all spiritual beauties He Himself moves towards the arbour of Love. The Gopi now advises Radha to go with perfect surrender to Him who loves her so adoringly and awaits her in the secrecy of the Divine Dark. Seeing Him standing at the door, she describes His beauty to the loving Soul and rouses her to a mood of passionate desire until she enters that still sanctuary and places herself in her Lover's arms wherein is bliss untold.

Song 20. *viracitacāṭuvacanaracanaṁ caraṇe racita praṇipātam.*
Song 21. *mañjutara kuñjatala kelisadane.*
Song 22. *Rādhāvadanavilokana vikasita vividhavikāravibhaṅgam.*

CHAPTER TWELVE:

Alone with her Love, Radha receives His loving whisper as she gives herself entirely to Him, holding nothing back; He pours His Love into her heart and draws her into perfect union with Him. She in her turn begs Him to adorn her with such beauties from His hand as may make her more worthy to be loved by Him, and in the silence of that holy shrine she attains all that her heart desires.

Song 23. *kisalayaśayanatale kuru kāmini caraṇanalinaviniveśam.*
Song 24. *kuru yadunandana candana śiśiratareṇa kareṇa payodhare.*

REFRAINS

Song 1. Mālava-Rūpaka:
jaya jagadīśa Hare.

Song 2. Gurjari-Pratimaṭha:
jaya jaya deva Hare.

Song 3. Vasanta-Rūpaka:
viharati Haririha sarasavasante, nṛtyatiyuvatijanena samam sakhi virahijanasya durante.

Song 4. Rāmakarī-Rūpaka:
Haririha mugdhavadhūnikare vilāsini vilasati keli-pare.

Song 5. Gurjarī-Rūpaka:
rāse Harimiha vihitavilāsam smarati mano mama kṛtaparihāsam.

Song 6. Mālavagauḍa-Ekatālī:
sakhi he keśimathanamudāram ramaya mayā saha madana manoratha bhāvitayā savikāram.

Song 7. Gurjarī-Pratimaṭha:
Hari Hari hatādaratayā gatā sā kupiteva.

Song 8. Karṇāṭaka-Ekatālī:
sā virahe tava dīnā,
Mādhava manaśija visikhabhayādiva bhāvanayā tvayi līnā.

Song 9. Desākhya-Ekatālī:
Rādhikā tava virahe Keśava.

Song 10. Deśavarāḍī-Rūpaka:
tava virahe Vanamālī sakhi sīdati.

Song 11. Gurjarī-Ekatālī:
dhīrasamīre Yamunātīre vasati vane Vanamālī
gopīpīnapayodharamardana cancalakarayugaśālī.

Song 12. Goṇḍakārī-Rūpaka:
nātha Hare jagannātha Hare sīdati Rādhā āvāsagṛhe.

Song 13. Gauḍamālava-Pratimaṭha:
yāmi he kamiha śaraṇam sakhī jana vacana vañcitā.

Song 14. Vasanta-Ekatālī:
kāpi Madhuripuṇa vilasati radhikaguṇā.

Song 15. Gurjarī-Ekatālī:
ramate Yamunāpulinavane vijayī Murāriradhunā.

Song 16. Deśavarāḍī-Rūpaka:
sakhi yā ramitā Vanamālinā.

Song 17. Bhairavī-Rūpaka:
Hari Hari yāhi Mādhava yāhi Keśava mā vada kaitavavādam
tāmanusara sarasīruha lōcana yā tava harati viṣādam

Song 18. Gurjarī-Rūpaka:
Mādhave mā kuru mānini mānamaye.

Song 19. Deśavarāḍī-Ashṭa:
priye cāruśīle muñca mayi mānamanidānam
sapadi madanānalo dahati mama mānasaṁ dēhi mukhakamala-madhupānam.

Song 20. Vasanta-Rūpaka:
mugdhe madhumathanamanugatamanusara Rādhike.

Song 21. Varāḍī-Rūpaka:
praviśa Rādhe Mādhava samīpamiha.

Song 22. Varāḍī-Rūpaka:
Harimekarasaṁ ciramabhilaṣitavilāsam
sā dadarśa guruharṣavaśaṁvadavadanamanaṅgavikāsam.

Song 23. Vibhāsa-Ekatālī:
kṣanamadhunā Nārāyaṇamanugatamanusara māṁ Rādhike.

Song 24. Rāmakarī-Rūpaka:
nijagāda sā Yadunandane krīḍati hṛdayānandane.

SRI GITA GOVINDA

BY SRI JAYADEVA

CHAPTER ONE

DAMODAR'S GAMES

This Poem about the Child Krishna playing with Radha on the way home is for devotees who live in the world of men; it is by the best of poets, Jayadeva.

1. *Mālava-Rūpaka*: In the forms of Ten Avatars, Krishna destroyed evil, protected righteousness, and gave bliss to devotees.

2. *Gurjarī-Pratimaṭha*: The beauty of Krishna, lover of Lakshmi and slayer of demons, is unequalled.

Krishna has once embraced Radha, who now desolately wanders in search of Him through the dark forests of life. Her girl friend says to her:

3. *Vasanta-Rūpaka*: " Krishna is dancing with other girls in the lovely spring-kissed woods under the fragrant boughs and flowers."

Then she points Krishna out to Radha at a distance, and adds:

4. *Rāmakarī-Rūpaka*: " His lovely Form is adored and embraced by many devotees who dance with Him.

He gives bliss to all His lovers." Then Radha kisses Him wildly.

CHAPTER TWO

KESAVA IN TROUBLE

Stricken with jealousy, Radha goes off to a lonely bower, and there she says to her friend:

5. *Gurjarī-Rūpaka*: " See how His love for the Gopis swells as He dances with them and kisses them. Ah, His beauty dwells in my mind!

I cannot be blamed for loving Him.

6. *Mālavagauḍa-Ekatālī*: Once we came together in loving embrace, and then nothing was between us while we swooned in ecstasy.

He remembers me now even in the midst of others; and how I long for Him! In His absence all delightful things give me no joy."

CHAPTER THREE

FOOLISH MADHUSUDANA

Then Krishna leaves the other Gopis and seeks everywhere for Radha. He says:

7. *Gurjarī-Pratimaṭha*: "She has gone away in jealous anger, but she is always in My heart, and I shall never again neglect her if she but gives Me her love again.

Her sweetness and beauty overcome Me with burning love. Oh, why does Love revenge himself on Me? I am not the Siva whom he hates."

CHAPTER FOUR

MADHAVA CONSOLED

Radha's friend comes to the unhappy Krishna in his bower and says to Him:

8. *Karṇāṭaka-Ekatālī*: "Radha loves you so deeply that she always dreams of You alone, and is utterly miserable in Your absence.

She lives alone in the jungle in agony.

9. *Desākhya-Ekatālī*: Everything seems like death to her in her sadness that You are not there with her.

Her illness can be cured only by Your touch, and her only hope is in Your pity at the anguish of this separation. As You saved Gokul from the storm, so save her now!"

CHAPTER FIVE

PUNDARIKAKSHA'S LONGING FOR HIS SWEETHEART

Sent back to bring Radha, the girl says to her:

10. *Deśavarāḍī-Rūpaka*: "Krishna is in great agony of love, and He is always longing for you, without whom He cannot live.

In that bower where once you met He thinks of you alone.

11. *Gurjarī-Ekatālī*: He is always eagerly waiting for your coming. Hasten, even as you are, to join your Lover.

How long must I plead with you to satisfy His longing?"

CHAPTER SIX

EAGERNESS FOR VAIKUNTHA

The friend returns to tell Krishna that Radha will not come:

12. *Goṇḍakārī-Rūpaka*: "She longs to come to You, but has no power; she is always hoping You will come to her instead.

At the thought of You she is in ecstasy, and without You she cannot live."

CHAPTER SEVEN

NAUGHTY NARAYANA

The moon shines brightly, but still Krishna does not go to Radha. She cries:

13. *Gauḍamālava-Pratimaṭha*: "How can I bear to live without Krishna, now that even my friend has failed me?

Oh, why does He not come to me? Perhaps because He is busy playing with some other devotee?" she asks her friend.

14. *Vasanta-Ekatālī*: "Some devotee more worthy of His love must have absorbed His mind and made Him forget me.

Is Krishna really sad and lonely? No, it is only I who suffer.

15. *Gurjarī-Ekatālī*: Even now He is adorning her with every kind of beauty and pouring out His love on her."

Her friend says: " Why do you mind if He is indifferent to you? " And she replies: " I cannot control my heart's longing.

16. *Deśavarāḍī-Rūpaka*: That other girl knows no loneliness but in her beauty plays with Krishna.

Oh, life is only misery; let me die! "

Krishna and Radha, each dreaming only of the other, take each other's forms.

CHAPTER EIGHT

LAKSHMIPATI REBUKED

Radha then speaks angrily to the repentant Krishna:

17. *Bhairavī-Rūpaka*: " Oh, I can see how You have spent Your sleepless night with my rival. Do not come here with Your cruel cheating words.

Indeed, I do not wonder at Your blushes."

CHAPTER NINE

MUKUNDA IS TO BE APPEASED

She then thinks quietly about Krishna, and her friend says softly to her:

18. *Gurjarī-Rūpaka*: " Do not foolishly turn away from Him, for with Him is the utmost bliss.

You must certainly suffer if you turn your back on Him, your Lover."

CHAPTER TEN

CLEVER CHATURBHUJ LOVES HER

She is still very angry but ashamed to look at her friends. At sunset Krishna comes to her and says:

19. *Deśavarāḍī-Ashṭa*: " Your beauty dazzles Me; Oh, do not be angry with Me, for I love you more than I can say.

Do anything you like to Me, but give Me your love. I have come to plead for that, but I fear your anger."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GOVINDA IN BLISS

Krishna conciliates Radha, who then prepares for Him. To her says her loyal friend:

20. *Vasanta-Rūpaka*: " You are ready for Krishna; now go to Him with untrammelled heart.

With burning love Krishna awaits you eagerly. There is no need for ornaments, for in the darkness nothing can be seen."

She finds Krishna awaiting her. Her friend goes on:

21. *Varāḍī-Rūpaka*: " Enter this shady bower and unite with Him. The hour has come for love; enjoy its bliss.

He grows tired of waiting for you."

Then Radha goes into the arbour, her gaze on Krishna.

22. *Varāḍī-Rūpaka*: In all His wondrous beauty, thrilling with love, He shows Himself to her.

Radha weeps with joy as she draws near and her friends depart. Krishna draws her to Himself, and they merge into each other in the ecstasy of total union.

CHAPTER TWELVE

PITAMBAR BELOVED

Seeing her love for Him, Krishna says to her:

23. *Vibhāsa-Ekatālī*: " Rest here, beloved, and let Me serve you in return for your love."

Their love deepens in waves of surging rapture, while He speaks sweet words to her, and she gives herself to Him.

She says to Him:

24. *Rāmakarī-Rūpaka*: " Beloved, adorn me with all Your beauties."

He does as she has asked.

Now this poem of Jayadeva is full of all love and beauty. May it keep your minds steady in the Lord!

CHAPTER ONE

DAMODAR'S GAMES

IT is in the 'Dark Night', when the Soul can see nothing but God alone, that Krishna, the Holy Child, the ever-playful Lord of All, first comes in touch with Radha, the human Soul. Nanda, Krishna's foster-father and type of the human intellect, fancies this Divine Dark wherein He ever dwells may frighten Him.

To adorn this story of God's love for the human Soul, Jayadeva draws on many pictures and similes treasured in his memory. This " Gita Govinda " is not to be read, enjoyed or understood by the worldly or the sensual, but only by God's true devotee who has sought Him through the love of His children. Such devotees have come along this path of love to adore His feet, seeking union with Him through love; only such pure souls as these may touch this book and realise its message. Jayadeva claims to unite the eloquence, profundity, insight into love's ways and the wealth of diction of other poets, to a supreme skill in the arts of song which is all his own, and which he now dedicates to his beloved Lord.

1. " The sky is overspread with clouds, the soil
Beneath these dense tamala trees is dark;
This Child grows timid in the gloomy night,
So, Radha, lead Him home! "
Thus Nanda's word.
But under every tree and shady grove
Along the road that skirts the bank of Yamuna
Proceeds the mystic play of Madhava
With Radha—play of all the most divine.

2. His mental picture-gallery adorned
With lovely paintings from the artist-hand
Of Saraswati, raised upon a throne

As Prince of Bards by Padma's loving grace,
The poet Jayadeva sings the tale
Of Vasudeva's passioned deeds of play.

3. O you who hear or read these songs of mine—
Sweet, tender, eloquent, and dearly-loved—
Give heed to them, if your deep mind
Is filled with bliss by ceaseless memory
Of Hari, and can also find true joy
In gentle arts of lovers at their play.

4. A tree of words buds forth when sings the bard
Umapatidhara; and Sarana
Has style that may be praised but cannot well
Be understood; no equal when he sings
Of mutual love has the great teacher-bard
Goverdhana; while Dhoi is a king
Of poets, for each word he hears sinks deep
Into his thirsty memory. But still
This Jayadeva knows the subtle art
Of weaving poetry—and only he!

FIRST SONG: *Malava-Rupaka*

The hero of our story is no man dallying with a young girl, it is the supreme Lord who from time to time appears in the world to restore the rule of Righteousness and to overthrow all evil. Thus Jayadeva begins his great poem by reminding us of a few of these past descents, or Avataras, of the Lord, lest we be blinded by his metaphors to speak ill of Him who is in all things absolute perfection. God takes many different forms to save His children from the clutch of evil; there are many Avataras, many religions; yet is there but one God. And it is He who playfully acts in every form and under ten thousand holy Names, of which 'Hari', the Saviour, is naturally dear to all. In His Name and to His glory Jayadeva offers up his garland-treasury of poesy—in the Name of the One Lord whom no Name can define, for He is infinite.

i. The Vedas sunk beneath the flood
Of universal ruin You,
O Kesava in Fish's form,
Upheld unwearied till the storm
Passed by and calm returned anew.
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

ii. This Earth sits firm upon your vast
And rounded back; a load You bear
So huge it makes all callous there,
Yet calmly poised while ages last,.
In Tortoise-shape, O Kesava!
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

iii. And now upon the pointed spear
Of Your great tusk, O Kesava!
In Boar disguise, the balanced globe
Lies fixed, as sable spots appear
Upon the Moon's white face or robe;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

iv. Then, Kesava, Your gentle hand
Grows awesome claws and rudely rends
The bowels of a demon king —
A bee with penetrating sting,
O Form that Man with Lion blends!
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

v. O wondrous Dwarf of subtle mind,
You next beguile Your devotee —
Great Bali with love's cords You bind;
You wash the world with streams
Of ever-springing purity;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

vi. When, bathed in warrior blood, You slay
Men's sins and quench the burning pain
Of endlessly recurring birth;
As Bhrigupati save this Earth
And make it wholly pure again;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

vii. The ten fierce heads, on every side,
Of Ravana You scattered, Lord,
In playful war when he defied
Your arm invincible, adored
By gathered Devas everywhere;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

viii. In fairest body, robed in blue
Like some dark cloud of lovely hue,
Like waters vibrant in the gleam
Of fear-tossed Yamuna's swift stream,
You play, O Ploughshare-wielder, now;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

ix. O heart of pity, touched by pain
Of sacrificial beasts, You blame
The ancient Vedic rites, and rain
Your gentlest love upon the weak,
As Buddha win eternal fame;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

x. To slay barbarian hosts You draw
Bright comet-scimetar of fire
How vastly blazing! Full of ire
In Kalki's body You appear,
The primal virtues to restore;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

xi. This charming song that Jayadeva sings,
O Kesav, hear! The bliss and joy—
Creation's essence—that it brings,
Sweet Lord in ten great Avatars,
Deign to receive; all woes destroy;
Hail, Hari, Ruler of the world!

[illegible]–ग्रन्थालय, [illegible] [illegible]

5. To You, O Krishna, who upheld of yore
The holy Vedas, who bore all the worlds
Upon Your holy Self, who raised this Earth,
Who slew the demon, cheated Bali, then
Destroyed the Kshattriyas, and overcame
Pulasti's child, who brandished high the plough,
Spread kindness far and wide, and last of all
Exterminated barbarous hosts—to You
Who acted thus in ten most different roles,
O Krishna, now I give my heart's delight
Of joyous lowly adoration here!

SECOND SONG: *Gurjari-Pratimantha*

Sri Jayadeva, the Devotee of God, now sings to the glory of the Divine Hari, who is both Rama and Krishna, the charming Teacher of Love and the undaunted Champion of Righteousness.

i. With jewelled earrings sweet,
In forest garland garbed
That tranced Your dancing feet,
You sought Your blissful rest
On Lakshmi's rounded breast;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

ii. O Saviour of the world,
Swan haunting every heart
Of sage who stays apart,

Day's radiant star has curled
His light around Your face;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

iii. Your tread on Kaliya's head
Destroys his poison; so
You charm the hearts of men,
O lotus-wreathed Glow
Where Yadu's children reign.
Victory, victory, God Hari!

iv. Madhu, Mura, Naraka
You slew in noble fight
Who ride on Garuda—
Source of untold delight
To all the race divine;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

v. Your eyes are flower-fair,
O fontal Source of worlds,
Emancipator strong
Of life! They glisten there
Dew-wet like petals long;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

vi. Adorned by Sita's grace
When Dushana was crushed,
You waged unwearying war
On Lanka's demon race,
Subdued their cruel law;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

vii. Glad as new rain-cloud, You
Who bear Mandara's weight
Like lovebird softly gaze

On Lakshmi's moonlike face,
In anguished yearning wait;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

viii. O see, we touch Your feet
In adoration deep;
Be kind to us, sweet Lord!
Bless devotees who greet
Your tender feet adored;
Victory, victory, God Hari!

ix. This is the joyous song,
With every beauty bright,
That Jayadeva made;
Those who to Him belong
Find here all sweet delight.
Victory, victory, God Hari!

It may be of interest just to note that the refrain in this little introductory song contains a pun on the poet's own name; in Sanskrit it reads: "Jaya jaya deva Hari!"

6. The saffron pollen stain laid on the tips
Of Padma's budding breasts betrays His love,
Reveals our Madhusudana's embrace,
And tells what passion played within His heart
As love's pulsations drew a sweaty dew
From throbbing bosom. May sweet bliss like this
Dawn in the soul of all who hear this song!

7. Her tender limbs soft as the madhavi
In spring, this gentle Radha wandered far,
Unwearied, here and there, in lonely woe
Through gloomy woods in search of Krishna, sad
And restless, stung to fever of suspense

By thirsty love, made desperate by all
The clinging creepers, tufts of grass, and twigs
That stayed her painful way.

Our story of Divine Love now begins. Radha, the Soul, has already once enjoyed "the kiss of His mouth" and the "mutual embrace of unitive love", of which Fr Poulain and Gerson speak; the marks of God's passionate love for the soul are left on her for all to see—a mock to the foolish, but a crown of glory and bliss for the blessed mystic herself.

St John of the Cross also speaks of this agelong search for a God once tasted in the dreary agony of loneliness, seeking the only rest which can satisfy the infinite human soul; as St Augustine says, "Our hearts are ever restless till they find their rest in Thee." Scaramelli (*Mystical Theology*, p. 67) speaks of the Thirst of Love, "that passionate desire for God which is the result of some experience of Him and a great love for Him, but when He is not yet possessed". With this longing Radha sought her Lover in the dark solitudes of the wood of this life, desperate when created things try to draw her back from Him, eager only to know once more that "secret embrace" of a "mutual kiss", whereof Fr Sandaeus (II, 6, 15) tells.

Sri Ramakrishna adds that it is when the soul sheds tears for the love of God that He is very near to her; either He comes Himself, or He sends one of His dear lovers to play the Guru and guide the yearning soul to His feet. So Radha in her agony soon finds her Guru, the loving Gopi who acts as go-between and brings her to her Love.

To Radha then
With thrill of cordial sympathy her friend,
A loving Gopi, spoke these burning words:

THIRD SONG: *Vasanta-Rupaka*

This guide knows how to stimulate Radha's love by rousing jealousy; the mango just out of reach always looks the sweetest, and it is when the Beloved seems indifferent to our need that our love burns brightest in the heart. So the Gopi describes to Radha how Krishna plays with other devotees and has forgotten the lonely seeker; God has no need for us, it is we who cannot live without His love, even for a moment,

i. Where gently breathing breezes wander through the groves
And softly soothe with tender touch the fragrant cloves
That climb beneath the leafy shades, and swarming bees
Blend their sweet music with the koils round tall trees—
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely ones He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maids!

ii. When consorts wander far away, their wives must mourn
While thoughts of love arise in tender hearts forlorn;
White blooms in clusters droop on every mograh tree;
Black bees their pollen strew, to every bloom a bee.
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely ones He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maid!

iii. The mangosteen's new verdant leaves are open now,
Their musky garlands drape around each fragrant bough;
Beneath palasha blossoms breathe sweet scents apart,
And there Love's scarlet nails abrade youth's quivering heart.
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely ones He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maids!

iv. Bright as the golden light that shines upon the gold
Of Love's tall standard royal as the saffron bold;
While clouds of foolish flies gyrating to and fro
Veil the bignolia trees, bolts from Love's laughing bow!
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely ones He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maids!

v. The gentle lily-jasmine smiles to see how shy
The world seems now when playful Love is passing by;

Spread out on every side, the spear-point scented leaves
Of ketaki pierce lonely souls whom Love perceives;
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely souls He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maids!

vi. The sweet 'delight of woods' now steals away the mind,
While malati's rare fragrance spreads on the soft wind;
Spring's odours can intoxicate the hermit stern—
They are Youth's dearest friends whose hearts with ardour burn.
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely ones He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maids!

vii. The downy jasmine's tender tendrils there embrace
With thrill divine the flowered mango; in that place
The holy stream of Yamuna with wayward waves
Winds round Brindavan, and its groves sweet water laves.
O deep is Hari's joy in lovely spring
As far from lonely ones He dances now,
Beloved friend, with heart-alluring maids!

viii. O this melodious song of Jayadeva makes
The soul aglow with fervent burning love, and wakes
The essence of sweet memory of Hari's feet;
It tells how lovely are the woods that springtime greet.

Lovely indeed are those woods of the world to those who taste of Love, but to poor Radha, agonising in her lonely and frantic search, they are but 'gloomy woods', full of sorrow and longing.

8. As soon as jasmine tendrils have been bruised
A cloud of fragrant pollen scents the woods;
Ambrosial breezes sweet with ketaki
Then carry rapture like Love's scented breath
And set the heart aglow with ecstasy.

9. The mohwah tree is decked in golden robes
Of crowded flowers bowing to the ground;
Its odour maddens all the honey-bees
Till they, infatuated by its sweet
And drowsy perfume, shake the mango-blooms.
There koils call with clear insistency
In notes as plashing waters musical,
That cure the fevered longing of the ear.
How then at such a time, in such a scene,
Could lonely lover leave all other dreams
And deeply meditate on union
With the beloved Partner of her heart
For but a little moment? Ah, dear days
Of piercing bliss that lacerate the heart!

10. The soft south wind runs to the snowy north
Today; do serpents agonise its heart
With ceaseless gnawing, or does it aspire
To plunge into those cooling snows which drape
The distant summits of great Siva's Range?
The choral koil's voice pours loudly forth
His call most raptly musical, "Kuhoo,
Kuhoo!" Ah, happy bird that sees the buds
On mango trees burst into balmy bloom!

Where Krishna's love reigns in the heart, there the barren desert blooms, and the 'gloomy forest' becomes a 'watered garden'; every place is turned into Brindavan. All Nature sings in joy; the heart's virtues blossom out into myriad sweet odours that fill the world with fragrance. Krishna is God. So where the souls of devotees are with Him, all is beauty, bliss, and as the Jewish scripture has it, His "delight is to be with the children of men", then, in the words of St Angela of Foligno, "the whole world is full of Me".

But Radha shares none of this ecstatic joy; miserable in her loneliness without Krishna, the Partner of her heart, she runs and stumbles, her sari and her hair catch in the creepers as she cries, blinded with her tears and confused by the darkness of the woods. The hour of desperation is, however, the hour of vision; her Gopi-Guru shows her Lord to her, happy while giving the bliss of intimate communion to so many of His devotees.

11. Then Radha's faithful friend revealed to her,
Not far away, that dear Murari there
In trance of love, thrilled with a thirst of love;
Ecstatic with delight at touch of Him,
Around Him many Gopis lost in love,
Rapt in their longing for a near embrace.

It is one of God's deepest mysteries how He, the All-pervading, the Self-sufficient, One can stoop to ask our love, to claim the hearts of His petty creatures; someone has called it " an unaccountable eccentricity " in God, but how can He, the Centre of all, be ' eccentric '? Yes, strange as it is to us who know a little of ourselves, He longs for us with far far more yearning than we can ever feel for Him who is all our Good.

To Radhika her friend thus spoke again:

FOURTH SONG: *Ramakari-Rupaka*

i. See His azure body, sandal-smeared
Girt with a golden robe divine!
Forest garlands drape His dancing limbs,
Both of His cheeks with pendants shine;
Brighter than these the sweetly loving smile
That gently plays upon His lips the while.
There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

ii. Lo, one Gopi cleaves to Hari's form
Burning with love and filled with bliss,
Closely folding Him upon her breast,
Heavy with grace, she steals a kiss;

Gaily she sings in soaring notes to share
The swelling rapture of His lilting air.
  There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
  In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

iii. See, a second maiden stands agaze;
Restlessly roving are her eyes
Lost in joyous ecstasies of love—
Broken, her hold upon them dies;
Moveless, her heart dwells on His flower-face;
Her Madhusudan floods her with His grace.
  There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
  In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

iv. Playfully another beauty goes
Close to His satin cheek, as though
She would whisper in her Darling's ear
Secrets that He must pine to know;
Then with a thrill of bliss and love-filled pain
She steals an ardent kiss from Him again.
  There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
  In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

v. Yet one more alluring maid, to taste
Joy in a holy water-play,
Pulls to her His flowing silken robe—
Yearningly drawing Him away
Out of the charming arbour where He hides
As under tall dalbergias evening glides;
  There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
  In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

vi. Hari praises yet another who,
Perfectly timed with His, now sways
Hands and feet in rippling rhythm, while.

Musical bangles blend their lays
In with the heart-entrancing melodies
That from His dancing Flute will never cease.
There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

vii. One He kisses, one embraces, one
Suddenly floods with joy divine;
Turned towards a fourth, His subtle smile
Swiftly inebriates like wine.
Radhika dear, see, Hari darts away
To chase the fairest maid till dawn of day!
There, Beloved, is your Hari, lost to everything
In His blissful innocence where maids dance in a ring!

viii. May this tale of Kesav's mystic play
Under the spreading trees that shade
Dear Brindavan's gardens, spread afar
Glory and beauty that can fade
Never so long as mind remains in man;
Thus Jayadeva prays upon his pen.

By this vision of Krishna, who is equally the Lord of every soul who has love for Him, the Gopi-Guru warns Radha that she can expect no preference at His hands. He responds to each according to the love and need of each; He is there to fulfil every desire of His devotees, and in Him each one finds the full satisfaction of her inmost heart. Yet, even in His " charming arbour " where Krishna hides away, He is immersed in the sweet familiarities of His play with us; though His smile " intoxicates like wine ", we must still steal a kiss from Him by a secret trick. How beautifully does Jayadeva express the infinite bliss of that " intimate embrace and contact of love ", whereof the blessed Blosius speaks! Why, then, does He who is all Love and delights to gladden His devotees hide from them? The medieval ' Ancien Riwle ' quoted by Mother Julian tells us why: " Our Lord hides Himself . . . that thou mayest seek Him more earnestly, and call and weep after Him, as the little baby does after his mother." Not yet has Radha's love reached that fiery thirst which brings the cooling liquor of His love to burning lips.

12. Sweet Krishna, by alluring all the world
With His enchanting love, brings bliss to birth
While He is celebrating Love's high feast
In dark blue body, soft and tender-pure
As azure lilies strung to garland fair.
Thus gracious Hari dances in the spring
Like an incarnate God of Love, O friend!
Now freely, in an ecstasy divine,
The beauteous maids of Braja all embrace
His every limb, and so aspire to be
One with Himself through all eternity.

13. This mystic Dance gives rapture, bliss untold,
And overwhelms the Gopi devotees
With dainty eyebrows. Radha, set aflame
By madness of desire, with sudden cry:
"Ah, Love, how sweet! Your honeyed mouth
Is filled with nectar!" hurls herself upon
His bosom, and with burning thirst assails
Those smiling lips with fiery kiss of love.
O crafty Radha! You pretend to praise
His song; what sweets of ecstasy you steal!
May this delightful Hari by His smile
Of flowing grace protect you from all harm!

CHAPTER TWO

KESAVA IN TROUBLE

To see her Beloved giving Himself away so freely to others of His lovers while she herself is left in lonely misery, stabs Radha's heart with that mystic "wound" of which St Teresa has so much to say. In his 'Divine Love', St Francis de Sales warns us that "if we saw Him as He really is we should die of love for Him" (5:11), and that "love wounds the heart. . . . The point of the arrow wounds; all that follows does but increase the wound and the smart" (6:13). So is Radha now smitten by Love's arrow; with a cry of anguish she first flings herself at her Beloved, and then, being pierced by a deeper pain, she realises that His love is not yet for her. She withdraws to a gloomy solitude, there to enjoy at least in her heart Him whom she cannot yet enjoy with all her being.

1. When Radha saw how with an equal eye
Her Hari gave His love on every hand,
Her heart was torn, a stormy jealous pain
Caught fire. She turned away, she went apart
Into a beauty-haunted bower arched
With drooping leaves, where drowsy bees
Droned with melodious wings in tones of deep
And melancholy memory. There she,
Enclosed in sorrow and absorbed in thought
Of her Adored, thus whispered to her friend:

Fifth Song: *Gurjari-Rupaka*

i. The nectar on His laughing lips is answering
The dulcet dancing heart-entrancing notes that spring

Swift-flowing from His Flute; His eyelids flutter, yea,
His shaken head swings on His cheeks His earrings gay.
Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

ii. A crown of peacock feathers lit by crescent moons like eyes
Encircles His dark hair, a diadem from Paradise;
The glory colours of His gorgeous raiment, gem-endowed,
Shine like a rainbow raying out on some dark thundercloud.
Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

iii. Although upon the face of each fair Gopi He may set
A burning kiss, He cannot quench His thirst, it quickens yet
More fierce. Now is the scarlet bud of His soft-smiling mouth
A bandhuka that blooms in beauteous bowers of the south.
Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

iv. His tendril arms are deeply thrilled as they steal round and round
Ten thousand maddened maidens while they dance without a sound;
His hands and feet and bosom flash with countless rays of light,
A flame with every hue of beauty till the dark takes flight.
Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

v. The saffron spot of sandal-paste above His charming nose
Humiliates the summer moon half-hid by clouds in rows;
He strains their throbbing bosoms closer to the close-shut door
Of His unpitying heart—dear Krishna, mine for evermore!

Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

vi. Gemmed pendants shaped like fishes hang from either pearly ear,
Delightful earrings on His noble cheeks like stars appear;
Because He wears a golden robe and Sages touch His feet,
While men and gods and even demons seek His presence sweet—
Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

vii. He who dispels all stain of sin met me one mystic night
Beneath a white kadamba's sable shade; His very sight
Captured my heart in waves of rapture flowing to and fro;
His beauty set my soul with strangely burning love aglow.
Ah, now my mind recalls the gentle ways
Of merry Hari in those magic days,
As He flits lightly by with smiling gaze.

viii. This work of Jayadeva, full of beauty and soft charm,
Is all imbued by Madhu's Foe, the lustful it may harm,
And those who own the sway of sense and sin; yet it is meet
For all who practise virtue and remember Hari's feet.

There in her solitude Radha remembers the "mystic night" when the Blessed Lord once came to her and she drank of His love. She recalls the beauty of His presence and the ineffable bliss of His vision; setting His image in the centre of her mind, she lives again that marvellous moment wherein she first saw the Lord and knew herself His destined Spouse. No longer is she angry or miserable to think of others enjoying what she has lost; her consolation is that as her Beloved is infinite His love cannot be satisfied by any number of devotees, there is always room for another in His heart—and that other shall be herself!

Sri Jayadeva guards against all misunderstanding of his poem by reminding us that this same Krishna who comes to love-trysts is He who "dispels all stain of sin". Nothing carnal is His love, nothing to cause a blush in the tenderest virgin, but the eternal urge of Spirit to unite with Spirit—that one added to one, which leaves one as the total and never two. The sensualist and sinful must leave these things alone, for they will only injure themselves by the rousing of evil thoughts and dark blasphemies; such mysteries are for the virtuous who love God and fly to Him like Radha, rejoicing to merge all their being in Him.

Radha now begins to wonder why she cannot turn away from this cold Lover of hers who seems so absorbed in others, so contemptuous of her own longing for His embrace. She protests that she does not feel herself in any way to blame for His coldness; she wants nothing but Krishna, why then does He not come at once to her?

2. My mind makes its account of merits now
And sums up all; no error can it make.
It is at rest, repudiates all blame;
I have not erred. Yet it will not obey
My will; when, swayed by longing, Krishna turns
Away from me to kindle bliss in souls
Of gracious Gopis, still I long for Him!
Ah, tell me, gentle friend, what I must do!

In fuller detail she recalls that unforgettable night of brief union with her Beloved, and begs her friend, her Guru, to win back His love for her; humility does not let her think that she can win Him for herself.

SIXTH SONG: *Malava-Ekatali*

i. By night into a shady arbour all withdrawn I made
My secret way, and peered on every side as though afraid;
My shy and shrinking heart, most modest, trembled to display
Its hope while He was laughing from exceeding love of play.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart;

ii. At that first meeting I was shy to see His feet, but He
Won me to courage by a hundred signs of flattery;
He smiled, and so, cajoling me with soft and gracious word,
He loosed the girdle round my waist; my birdlike bosom stirred.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart!

iii. I lay upon the fragrant bed of tender leaves to rest;
And long He lay, His head reclined upon my throbbing breast
Till, moved to ardent kiss of love, He took me in His grip
And so with surging fervour drank the nectar of my lip.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart!

iv. His two eyes drooped to dreamy sleeping; His soft eyelids slept;
Across His silky cheeks a chain of thrilling tremors crept;
His body's azure satin shone with sprinkled pearly dew,
Soft wafted from the waves of love-born raptures known to few.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart!

v. My voice turned musical the while it whispered like a dove:
Its tones grew tender-sweet and purled like koils taught by love;
My hair, dishevelled, tumbled down its flowers to the ground,
And on my bosom moonlike scratches from His nails were found.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart!

vi. His gem-bejewelled anklets tinkled on His dainty feet
With each dip deeper in the stream of love's vast ocean sweet;
My unbound girdle chimed a little as He held my hair
And covered me with clinging kisses, swept to swooning there.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart!

vii. The hour of love-play goes, its pleasure slowly languid grows;
The lovely lotus eyes of dear Manohar almost close;
His tendril limbs like tender burgeons softly sink to rest,
Though still the mind-born ardour is astir in Krishna's breast.
To Kesi's noble Slayer, O my friend,
When hot desires for love surge in the heart,
My soul aspires, as rivers seaward trend;
Win me His smiling vision here apart!

viii. O may this song of Poet Jayadeva spread afar
All joy to those who long to hear brave tales of love and war;
It tells of the dear play of Madhu's Foe with clarity;
It tells how Radha craved to taste love-bliss eternally.

What shall we say of this Song? If we ignore the poet's warnings we may see in it a marvellous piece of erotic passion and lose the whole point of the poem itself. No, Krishna is no amorous young man, Radha no lovesick maid; to fancy such is blasphemy and exhibits the meanness in ourselves. But if we dip into the mystical literature of Iran or of the Catholic West, or Guru Nanak's lovely poetry, we shall find thousands of places where the same rich imagery of human love serves as the idiom for Love Divine. It is impossible here to quote such parallels; the mention of them is only to silence evilminded and lascivious criticism of Sri Jayadeva's work by those totally unqualified to understand it.

St Francis de Sales (Divine Love, 3: 6) says: "The Bridegroom Himself avows that His bride has ravished His heart, binding Him as a prisoner with one lock of her hair," and in 6 : 2: "The heavenly bride . . . . hovers like a bee round the cheek, the lips, the locks of her Beloved, drawing thence innumerable delights," and again in 7 : 1 : "Our dear Lord offers the breast of His divine Love for the devout soul; He draws, gathers it into the lap of His more than motherly tenderness, and then, burning with love, He embraces the soul, presses it to His heart, kisses it with the sacred kisses of His mouth, makes it taste of that love which is sweeter than wine." In this passage especially we find a brother to our Jayadeva, speaking of the same infinite bliss of divine Union with the all-perfect Personality.

No, Hindus need feel no shyness about the expressions used in their own mystical literature. Let us take one more, this time one attributed to the great Franciscan doctor, St Bonaventura, in his moving "Goad of Divine Love", pp. 199-200: "Then will He . . . . give you most sweet kisses, and you will not be able to endure yourself by reason of the abundance of delights which you shall feel; but casting yourself into His arms, He will inflame you with His embraces, and so you will be altogether absorbed with the excess of sweetness." But I am tempted; only one more—this time from the saintly Fr Nouet: "The soul in return, ravished by His beauty and by the spectacle of His charms, holds Him, embraces Him, clasps Him closely, and all on fire with love she flows, she plunges, she buries and loses herself deliciously in God, with sentiments of inconceivable joy."

Are these passages less passionate, less 'erotic', than Sri Jayadeva's? Dare we hope that those who cannot imagine such a love for God may at least have the grace to hide their incapacity with discreet silence, instead of trying to throw mud at the sun? Love implies surrender—keeping *nothing* back from the Beloved; knowing this, we may read the 'Gita Govinda' and all such books which are inspired with a pure love for God.

Radha continues her story of how Krishna won her love for ever:

3. His gentle hand lets fall the blissful Flute
That fills with happy thrills each listening ear,
As He from naughty laughing eyebrows throws
A sidelong glance upon the Gopi band;
The dews of sweat have drenched His shiny cheeks.
Ah, friends, behold! Now He has seen me here;
He is embarrassed, and His childlike face
Assumes a honeyed smile of gleeful love.
Oh, when I view Govinda in the woods

Amid the beauties of our verdant Braj,
My soul is lost in yearning for His touch.

4. I hardly bear to see the newborn leaves
Which bud in tender clusters on the boughs
Of the asoka; nay, the very breeze
That breathes across the lake and garden soft
Cool air bears me a passioned pang of love,
Turns me to sadness; nor the charming sound
Of bees that gaily hum and hover round
Sweet calyces; nor yet the tiny blooms
That bloom and blossom on the mango trees
Can carry me, O friend, a touch of joy
Or gladden my sad heart in loneliness.

5. The Gopi company, elated, give
A meaning smile; their hair falls down
Disorderly; they raise their curving brows
And feign vexation when the graceful arms
And hands and bosoms momently are seen
Through the swift swaying of their veiling robes;
Yet He is heedless, rapt in memories
Profound of His invisible adored.

Oh, may this sweet alluring Youth divine
Steal from your soul all sorrows lurking there!

Radha's intense loving thought of Krishna, even when hidden away in her dark and lonely bower, draws His attention. For God is always ready, eager, to receive a true devotee's love ; if He seems to turn away and leave her lamenting for a while, it is only to intensify her love till it becomes a flame that burns away all but the love for Him.

Krishna then looks at her and, judging the hour come for a closer approach to His beloved, He turns His mind to those same memories of past communion which have so vividly inflamed her love for Him. The other Gopi-devotees now try to draw His attention back to themselves, but His heart has gone from them to the one destined to love Him best of all, His very 'other Self',

CHAPTER THREE

FOOLISH MADHUSUDANA

Sri Krishna turns from all His other creatures to give His whole heart to the one who needs Him most of all. So Fr Doyle says (p. 31): "In His eyes the vast world, the myriads of other souls, have all vanished, He has forgotten them all, . . . for even the love of God Himself is not enough to pour out on the soul which is clinging so lovingly to Him." He gives her all; yet even that all is not enough to reward her selfless love for Him.

Jayadeva rather quaintly pictures the Divine Lover as sorry that He has paid so little attention to this devotee as to have caused her almost to despair of His love. He too remembers her ready surrender to His will, which is God's one delight on Earth—the free abandonment of a human soul to His love. This surrender earns His richest reward, a place in His Heart whence the soul can nevermore be dislodged. Krishna cannot think whither His sweet lover can have fled in her sorrow, and He longs to see once more her sweet devotion to His lotus feet.

1. Then Kamsa's Foe forsook those Gopi girls
Of Braj, the chain that bound Him to the world
By heart's desire and throned within His soul
The lonely Radha as His spouse alone.

2. In vain sought Madhava His Radhika
Both here and there; His mind immersed in pain
From arrow-wound of love, and stricken sore
To find no Yam'na's Darling, He reclined
Upon a mound of flowers in a grove
Amid the shady gardens by the stream.

SEVENTH SONG: *Gurjari-Pratimantha*

i. Seeing Me surrounded by a swarm
Of dancing Gopis of entrancing form,
She has gone away from Me.
Ah, Radha! I am truly in the wrong;
Yours is My heart-whole fealty,
For you My youth must always long,
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

ii. What will she do, away
In loneliness? What say
After so long a separation
Lacking every consolation?
What can I with wealth or world,
Or with life so fresh-unfurled,
Or with home in solitude—
Reft of Radha's presence love-endued?
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

iii. Her face adorable I call to mind,
Its arching brows bowed down by weight of ire
Like flaming forest-fire;
It is a rosy lotus, which repels the bee
That hovers over it so thirstily,
One tiny drop of nectar-sweet to find.
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

iv. Already I have throned her in My heart;
Always, night and day,
I let her play
Within that secret shrine apart.
Why should I seek her in the forest gloom,
Or doom
Myself to sorrow vain
And desolating pain?
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

v. O slender one! your tender heart is sad,
And blames Me just because I leave
You lonely; I do not deceive
You, love; I do not know
Where you are hid, or I would thither go
And plead with you, and make you glad,
Having forgiven Me
Most graciously.
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

vi. I see you ever moving near My eyes,
You seem to lead Me here and there.
Why do you never turn your face so fair
And, as of old, when daylight dies
Give Me a passionate embrace
In some dark creeper-covered trysting-place?
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

vii. Forgive the past, dear heart, for it is gone;
Dead suns remember not the hill whereon
They shone all yester-year;
I shall never turn away from you again.
O beauty, now I burn with love's undying pain;
Show Me your loveliness once more in vision clear.
Oh, Hari, Hari, see!
She has gone away
Angry at My play,
Vexed at My inconstancy.

viii. This is Jayadeva's song,
Sung to honour nobly, long,
Hari's love divine,
To which he owes all deep devotion—
Moon that in His sky shall shine,
Born in Kinduvilva's ocean;
Take it, make it wholly thine!

The Seventh Song tells how God loves His devotee, of which she herself is yet unaware, having hidden herself away in her sorrow of separation, so marvellously lived out in the 'Madhya-lila' of Sri Krishna Chaitanya at Puri. She hears nothing of His words and believes herself abandoned for ever by her Beloved—which terrible phase of suffering is at some time the lot of every mystic.

Jayadeva compares his own devotion with the Moon shining brightly in God's sky—being lit by the hidden Sun—after it has risen from the ocean of obscurity in the little village of Kinduvilva, where he himself was born. It is God's love which alone enables man to feel devotion for the All-Loving.

Sri Krishna now continues His soliloquy on the absent Radha and declares that He Himself is smitten to the heart by her love. If we poor little creatures can conceive a love for God, what must be the love for us welling up in that all-pervading Source of Love, from whom comes every good we have? There is no need for the Love-God to aim at Him, for He is not Siva, Love's mighty Foe whose flaming glance turned him to a heap of ashes; Siva wears serpents on His breast, the poison which He drank to save the worlds still stains His throat blue, and as Lord of true ascetics He smears ash upon His body. But Sri Krishna affects none of these fearful signs; flowers and fragrant scents are on His lovely body.

Krishna complains of the burning fire of love raging in His own heart—a fire that drives God at times to give Himself wholly for men; and by the force of His intense thought of her He brings her before His delighted vision once again.

3. Then Krishna spoke again in merry mood:
"Her curving brow is like an archer's bow;
The glances of her painted eyelids fly
Like Love's swift arrows, while the pearly lobe
Of her soft ear is Love's tense bowstring strong.
O Love, who can prevail against the gods
In mortal battle, why to her have you
Surrendered weapons that subdue the world?

4. The arrow of her look is sudden set
Upon the subtly smiling eyebrow-bow;
Well, let it leap to My defeat! Let Love
Prevail through sable clouds of her massed hair
Which waves so waywardly in wandering winds!
O slender one, the beauty of your lips,
Empurpled carmine with your blush of love,
Inebriates Me as with ruby wine;
Then what a havoc with My little life
The perfect circles of your breast will play!

5. O Love, born in the restless mind of man,
Assume no mango arrow in the hand
And string no supple bow to conquer me!
It is mere play for you to overcome a world;
What glory, then, from slaying one in trance
Of love? Her eyes are soft gazelle-like eyes,
Yet flames dart forth at every glance
And rend My heart with agony — a wound
That cannot find relief or any balm.

6. See, on My breast there sways a fragrant wreath
Of lotus tendrils, not the fearsome prince
Of venom-breathing serpents; on My throat
Blue lotus petals flutter harmlessly,
No azure gleam of deadly poison. Look
Again more closely; sandal powder smeared
To cool the fever of a lonely frame
Is not the ashes of your Foe. So why
Do you thus furiously assail the One
Who is not Hara, as you fondly dream?

7. Ah, Radha's touch is sweetest happiness;
The charming flutter of her loving looks
Allures the soul. A fragrance softly breathes
Within that flower-mouth of hers, the while
Sweet modulations of her tone flow forth
Like honey, dearest nectar of her lips
So crimson lovely. Though I laugh and play
With others, yet My mind is ever merged
In hers. How fiercely feverish the growth
Of this disease of separation is!
Its heat and thirst increase with every thought
That runs to her, like rivers to the sea!"

St Francis de Sales (Divine Love, 6:13) speaks thus: "Love wounds the heart. . . . . The point of the dart wounds; all that follows does but increase the wound and the smart." Fr Poulain (The Graces of Interior Prayer) has: "He wishes to be the fragrant air we breathe, the wine that will inebriate us, the life of our life, the impassioned Lover of our souls. He will vouchsafe to us the 'kiss of His mouth', and will receive ours in return. He will not be content until He is merged into, almost identified with, the beloved soul that has given herself to Him. He desires an intimate and mutual penetration." Surely nothing could be more clear than that the language of mystics, East and West, is one, because Man is one, the child of one loving God.

8. Now Krishna bends His supple neck and moves
His beauteous head, so that His diadem

Is shaken as His Flute flows sweetly forth
In melody. Then lakhs of devotees,
Who worship only Him with perfect love,
His sweethearts, see but Him alone.
Slow-fascinated, drawn like moth to flame,
The loving lock of Madhusudana
Seeks Radha's gleaming moon-pale face,
There comes to rest. His dancing eyes abide
In her; they gaze and gaze on her, with thrills
Of swelling rapture.

May He give you peace!

CHAPTER FOUR

MADHAVA CONSOLED

THE Gopi, who loves both Krishna and her mistress Radha, who is destined to bring them together in an eternal embrace of love, now comes to Him with the news that she is pining for love of Him and unable to live apart from Him.

1. By languor overwhelmed, made sad by thought
Upon the burden of His love, within
That leafy arbour on the river marge,
Young Madhava long listlessly remained.
To Him at last came Radha's Gopi friend:

EIGHTH SONG: *Karnataka-Ekatali*

i. She refuses sandal-powder
And the coolness of the moon,
For they bring but added sorrow
And awake impatience soon.
Even soft south breezes torture
Like the venom of a snake
As if passing over caverns
Where the asps their poison make.
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,
In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

ii. So to guard her heart from arrows,
Ceaselessly by Passion rained,
She has made a mighty breastplate

Like a warrior well-trained;
Woven out of many flowers
And of dew-besprinkled leaves
Of the holy rosy lotus—
Thus the crafty god deceives.
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,
In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

iii. Wisest art of Love enchanting,
Which delights the heart of all,
Is the bed of arrow-blossoms
Which to lovers softly call.
She has gathered saffron flowers
As a charming rite to gain
Sweetest bliss in your embraces—
Only balm for wound and pain.
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,
In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

iv. From her troubled eyes rain teardrops
Down her noble lotus face;
Gradually they dim her beauty,
Like the moon bereft of grace
When the cruel monster swallows,
Drop by drop, her gentle light
In eclipse's gloomy shadow
And devours, bite by bite.
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,
In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

v. Secretly with musk she draws You
As the god of five great darts;
Underneath, an alligator,
Symbol of all conquered hearts;
In the hand a fleet new arrow
Cut from freshly gathered wood
Of ambrosial mango branchlets—
Then adores with joy renewed.
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,
In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

vi. Lost in chastest contemplation,
She perceives her Krishna dear;
Ravished by the dream, she sorrows
That she cannot feel You near,
Gaily laughs, again is gloomy,
Weeps, and restlessly she moves
To and fro, then leaves her mourning—
Thus her love for You she proves.
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,
In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

vii. Every moment she is crying:
" Madhava, in anguish I
Prostrate at your feet am lying
With a deep heartbroken cry;
When you ever veil your beauty,
Hide it from me, then a flame
Even from the nectar ocean
Must consume my tender frame! "
Madhava, as sad at separation
As in fear of Love's sharp arrows true,

In her inmost heart's imagination
She has merged her very self in You!

viii. If this work of Jayadeva
Can deserve to be a dance
Often danced in mind of reader,
He must then its charm enhance,
Oft-repeating the sweet speeches
Of the lovelorn Gopi maid,
Sore dismayed by separation
From her Hari while He played!

Many other Vaishnava poets have tried to describe the agony of Radha when left alone by her Beloved; the frequent changes of mood sketched in the sixth stanza of this Song are also those of the devotee experiencing the love-frenzy of which Sri Gauranga gave so wonderful a display. All things that once gave delight are turned to tortures, and life itself becomes a misery.

2. Her very home has now become a wold
Of tangled jungle dark; the loving chain
Of closest friends has turned a clinging net
Entangling her in sorrow; her warm breath
Is like a sheaf of flame that rages fierce
In forest fires. Bereft of You, alas!
She has become a timid antelope,
Chased by the angry Madana disguised
As some huge tiger playing games of death.

NINTH SONG: *Deshank-Ekatali*

i. Noble as it be, her necklace languid
Almost lifeless droops upon her breast,
While her little body seems unable
To support its weight without a rest.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

ii. With distrust she looks upon the sandal
Coolly smeared on her in fragrant paste,
Much as though she thought some crafty foeman
Willed to poison her in subtle haste.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

iii. Terrible the agony she suffers
While she draws her heavy breaths of fire—
Every breath a spark of flaming passion
Spreading through her frame the fever dire.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

iv. Everywhere she throws her net of glances
Hoping just to catch a glimpse of You;
All in vain, it is a broken lotus
Drenched with drops of water draining through.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

v. Even when her look falls on the pallet
Of soft leaves where she would soothe desire,
Frightened, she is filled with foolish fancy
It is laid as baleful burning pyre.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

vi. Pensively her cheek is ever resting
In her soft and flowery hand so slim,
Like a crescent moon that glimmers moveless
In the western skies of vesper dim.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

vii. Ardently she cries with deep devotion
"Hari, Hari!", wails her lonely fate,
As though murderous pangs of separation
By that holy Name she could abate.
Such is Radhika by night and day
While You, O Kesava, yet hide away.

viii. May the song thus sung by Jayadeva,
Poet of the ever-playful Lord,
Happiness confer on every lover
Of His dear feet evermore adored!

The loving Gopi then goes on to describe how, in that agony of separation from her Beloved, Radha has come near to death and her only hope of a cure is in Krishna's going to her with comfort. Her whole heart is passionately absorbed in Him; even to lose sight of Him for the instant of her eyes' blinking is a misery, and how can she now endure this prolonged separation? It is He who when His lovers are in any need or danger hurries to their aid; will He not now save the one whose whole life is bound up in Him?

3. Sometimes in wild excitement she is thrilled,
Emits a sudden cry of bliss, then weeps
And trembles, pines away at thought of You;
Uncertain, wandering to and fro, her eyes
She closes, and at once falls to the ground,
Then staggers up again, to swoon away.
Her body burns with blazing fever; say,
Can that beloved lovely body live?
If You, the very image of one sent
With many remedies celestial,
Take pity on her suffering, she may
Be cured; but if You drop her tender hand,
Who then can save her from death's icy grasp?

4. O Doctor dear, adorable, divine,
The touch of Your soft silky limbs alone
Can cure like nectar all the ills endured

By that sweet patient. If You will not free
The ardent heart of Radha from such pain
Portentous, then, Upendra, You indeed
Are than the hardest diamond more hard!

आनन्द–प्रकाश,
[illegible]

5. How strange it is that she, whose body fair
Is all distraught by raging fever flames
Of love, whose mind is hurt by burning thought
Of lotus, moon and sandal — all things cool —
Yet swayed by steady patience, lodged alone,
On Your cool body rapt she meditates
As sole beloved, aim of all her dream!
How can she in such agony survive,
A single miserable moment pass?

6. She never could endure to be alone
One little moment, drooped in sorrow while
Her eyes blinked swiftly, hiding your dear form.
How can she even breathe in this so long
A separation, while the mango boughs
Break into flower clusters, reft from You?

7. He once was pleased to save all Gokul when
The rains were ravaging its pastures green,
By raising great Govardhan on one arm.
This Gopis kissed in sweet excess of bliss
And long embraced its softness, marking it
With carmine stains from their warm clinging lips
Offered in humble love. O may that hand
Of Kamsa's Bane, as Gopa give to you
Who think on Krishna all His blessing true!

The last of these stanzas is not spoken by the Gopi but is Jayadeva's usual closing blessing: may that hand which protects the devotees give every happiness to those who, by reading this poem, turn their minds to the Lord.

CHAPTER FIVE

PUNDARIKAKSHA LONGS FOR HIS SWEETHEART

THE soul's love for God is pale before His love for her. The poet now turns our eyes to the Divine Lover who, in spite of His apparent neglect of His beloved, is yet passionately devoted to her. Krishna sends the Gopi-messenger from Radha back to her mistress with the news that He too is pining ceaselessly for her, and invites her to hasten to His side.

1. Then Krishna bade that maid: " Here I remain;
You go at my appeal to Radha's bower,
Win her dear heart to Me and lead her here."
Thus bidden by the Foe of Madhu, she,
The faithful Gopi, sped with these kind words:

TENTH SONG: *Deshavaradi-Rupaka*

i. When the south wind gently blows
Love comes on its odours borne,
With a bunch of blossoms gay
Wounds the hearts of all forlorn.
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

ii. Krishna finds the moonbeams cool
Burn him like death's agony;
When Love's missiles swiftly fly,
Mourns and weeps unceasingly.
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

iii. He is deaf to honey-bees
Making music in the light,
And by loneliness assailed
Sorely suffers night by night.
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

iv. In wide woods He makes His home,
Having left His dwelling fair;
Often muttering your name
Sleepless rolls on turf-bed there.
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

v. Startled koils take to wing,
He, excited, looks around;
When men mock His loneliness
Cries, " My love will yet be found! "
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

vi. Thunders heard recall His mind
To your chiming anklets bright;
Often He recounts your charms
And your thrilling love's delight.
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

vii. If the Shubadh month is named,
Honouring you He gives His ear
And with glee repeats that name,
For He holds no other dear.
In your absence, friend of mine,
Sad is the Forest-Wreathed divine.

(viii) With such sweetness Jayadev
Sings of separation's woe;
May the virtue-blessed mind
Our dear Hari's glories know!

At the end of this passionate declaration of love from Krishna to His beloved Radha, Jayadeva rightly drops a gentle reminder that these secrets of God's heart can be known only by the virtuous who love God. To the worldly or the sensual they are only temptations to blasphemy, which will keep the soul away from Him for countless years of misery.

2. Now in that very garden, Love's great shrine,
Where once a tender Spouse found perfect bliss
Fulfilled exceedingly, your Madhava
Is meditating once again on you;
He day and night recites your dulcet name
As though it were a pearl-strung rosary
Of holy mantras. Still He longs and sighs
For the sweet rapture of your close embrace
And for the heart's deep draught of ecstasy.

That secret arbour where the Soul kisses God and sleeps in His loving arms is the hidden cavern at the very centre of her being, the seventh of the courts in St Teresa's ' Interior Castle '. There He is always enthroned, awaiting the coming of His love, drawing her to Him with that same loving repeating of her names which the Vaishnavas teach brings us to God when applied to His Name. The mystic knows and rejoices in the fact that God is even more ardent as a Lover than the greatest saint who loves Him can ever be; He is watching every moment till He hears our footsteps drawing near the trysting-place where we shall be made one with Him in a perfect and everlasting embrace of infinite love.

ELEVENTH SONG: *Gurjari-Ekatali*

I have allowed the rhythm of this translation to fit the music to which the Song is usually sung in Sanskrit; it does not therefore agree with English metrical laws.

i. Rapt in the delight of love, He has wandered
To the trysting-place of His adored,
Robed in golden yellow, therefore, lovely Radha,
Hasten now to follow your heart's Lord.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

ii. Now He croons your name unto the fluid music
Of His charming Flute, calling you to Him;
Deeply He reveres the dust blown by the breezes
Which has lightly touched your fragrant velvet limb.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

iii. When a happy bird swoops down, or leaves quiver,
He at once imagines you are drawing near;
He prepares the bed of soft flower-petals
And with watching eyes waits till you appear.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

iv. Put away your noisy chattering anklet;
It is deadly foe to Love's noble play.
Go, beloved, to the darkness-purpled bower
Wearing dark blue mantle on your silent way.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

v. Like a snowy crane flying over sombre rainclouds
Is your garland swaying on Murari's heart;
Dearest lightning-bright one, now matures the mutual
Bliss earned by your virtues while you were apart.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

vi. Loosening your girdle, lotus-eyed sweet beauty,
On the bed of tender leaves lay lovely hips;
Open to your Lover the treasury and dwelling
Of all joy, as honey-bee sweet nectar sips.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

vii. Sensitive is Hari, one night He'll await you,
Then He'll turn His face and depart from you;
Do my urgent bidding and fulfil the longing
Of the heart-enchanting Foe of Madhu.
Eagerly waiting on the river margin
Fanned by soft south winds, Vanamali,
Dwelling in the forest, pants to press with passion
The swelling breast of His dear Gopi!

viii. Sri Jayadeva's service to his Hari
Is this siren song of supreme delight;
Prostrate with your heart overflowing to the loving
And compassionate immaculate dear Fruit of Right!

This, one of the most passionate and apparently erotic songs in the whole glorious poem, must never be read by one who cannot think of Krishna as the essential universal Soul behind all creation, drawing to Him all the little souls whom He has made. Its very first line suggests the force of these words in

Sanskrit: "*ratisukhasare gatamabhisare madana manohara vesham*". It is the absolute truth that one who would really know and love God must surrender to Him *everything*, abandoning all *dharmas* (Gita 18: 66), as did the Gopis when, to receive their clothes from Krishna, they had to give up all false shame and modesty. It is He who made, He who indwells, He who is the sole Cause of, all; where then any place for 'girdles' veiling our inmost selves from His all-seeing and all-understanding eye? True communion with God is an interpenetration, a mutual commingling; the sea enters the river even as the river empties itself into the sea.

Here the Gopi pleads with Radha on behalf of Krishna, the Guru drawing the soul towards its God, that He is all pure Love and wholly devoted to her aspiring heart; by seeking Him alone she will find her peace and endless joy.

3. Again and yet again He stifles sighs
Or gazes down the road into the dark;
Again and yet again re-enters, sad,
The arbour murmuring of His thwarted love;
Again and yet again He groans aloud;
He often smoothes the bed or, often stirred
To deep vexation, peers outside once more.
My darling one! Your Spouse adored indeed
Is overwhelmed by Madana's stern blows.

4. Oh, has your voice deserted you with eve
When loving Sun hid his heart-warming face?
Together with the growing darkness, yet
More deep has grown the ardent tense desire
Of Govinda. My pleading seems as vain,
So long-enduring, as the plaintive calls
Of lonely cuckoo. Pretty charmer, now
Delay will soon pollute the luscious fruit;
This is the blissful moment for Love's tryst.

5. Ah! Often does a sweet embarrassment
Mingle with lover's bliss in close embrace
And clinging kiss, and wound of burning love,

And surging stir of passion, and the games
Of Madana, when, by the dark deceived,
Pairs go by night for secret ecstasies
And play with strangers all unknown, until
Their voice unveils the error each has made!

6. O beauteous friend, you who by fear dismayed
Stare fixedly into the darkness, while
You hesitate at every step and wait
Long under every tree and check your feet
From instancy — when you at last go forth
Into the lone retreat of your Adored
With limbs changed into flying darts of Love,
May His dread fever be at once assuaged
By just the very longed-for sight of you!

7. He is indeed the honey-bee of Love
That hovers over Radha's nectar face
Eager for sweetness; He is the living Crown
Set on the brow of all this triple world;
He is the gleaming Sapphire of the mind,
The Avatar who overcomes the load
That burdens our sad universe, the Dawn
Delighting Braja's beauties by His play,
And flaming Comet that is Kamsa's doom—
Be this sweet Son of Devaki your guard!

Urging Radha to hasten to her Lover while the hour is ripe, the Gopi betrays that her real desire is for the happiness of Krishna Himself; the true sweetheart seeks only the happiness of her Beloved. The last stanza is to be understood as spoken by the Poet, his usual blessing to the pious reader that He who is all sweetness in the universe may ever protect and satisfy his soul.

CHAPTER SIX

EAGERNESS FOR VAIKUNTHA

FINDING that Radha could not so easily be roused from her mood of despair at being left alone by the One Source of Love and Life, the Gopi hurries back to Krishna to urge Him to take the initiative, to come Himself, and raise her to the new life of perfect love. Otherwise she has no hope of her mistress entering into the perfect bliss of spiritual union with her Lord.

1. But when the Gopi saw her mistress lay
Inert and moveless for so long a time,
Attached to that dear shady arbour green
As she was now, she came again and told
The lovelorn Govinda how Radha fared:

TWELFTH SONG: *Gunakari-Rupaka*

i. Stricken, reft of love, in her loneliness
Here and there she is seeking You,
Who once drank the nectar of her sweet lips
And swore You would for evermore be true!
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

ii. All a-tremble with eagerness to run
And prostrate at Your precious feet,
She has tried to walk, but with tottering steps
She falls down near her flowery seat.
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

iii. She has made a bracelet of white lotus
Petals bright as the seaborn pearls;
She lives but in hope You will ravish her
With a kiss on her restless curls.
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

iv. Oft she gazes on the slow and graceful dance
Of her many jewels row on row;
Being lost in You, she rapturously cries,
" Then I myself am Madhu's Foe! "
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

v. Now and then she asks her Gopi friends,
Gathered round to give her sweet solace:
" Where now is Hari? Why comes He not
Quickly to our trysting-place? "
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

vi. When she has spied a dark cloud in the sky,
She misunderstands it to be Hari's form,
Come to comfort her; she tries to reach
And so to kiss it, swept by love's swift storm.
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

vii. As You still delay Your return to her
She now regrets that she was once bestirred
To devote her modesty; she mourns
That once a flower-couch her love averred.
Hail Lord Hari, come, for Radha
Now lies languid in her home afar.

viii. May this tuneful song of Jayadeva,
Which is offered to our gracious Lord Hari,
Bring great bliss in hearts of all who know
Taste and feeling and great charity!

The irregularity of the metre in my rendering of this Song may suggest the emotion underlying the Gopi's appeal to Krishna to come swiftly to save her dear Lady from the anguish of her love. The Gopi goes on to describe more fully how desperate is Radha's case, ever longing and preparing in vain for the blissful union, yearning with fiery desire for Krishna's presence, yet left in solitude in that lonely place she herself had chosen as retreat.

2. Her hairs, thrilled by exceeding love, arise
On end; they tremble in their ravishment;
Cries inarticulate try to express
In vain her vast emotion of regret
Blent with a foolish longing. Never can
She cease to think of her deep love for You,
Or cease to dream of perfect union.
Immersed in whirling ocean-tides of love,
The dear gazelle-eyed beauty now is merged
In waveless ecstasy, is lost in You!

3. Again and yet again upon her limbs
So petal-tender she binds ornaments
To beautify herself for love of You.
When any leaf is shaken by the breeze,
She fancies You are won and come to her;
She runs unto the couch of flowers, there
She smoothes its surface, readies it for You;
The very thought of You then plunges her
Deep in unending silent ecstasy.
Thus is she busy in a hundred plays:
She first adorns herself, then is misled
To think You near, prepares the bridal bed,

Yet holds in heart one steady thought of You.
O Krishna, Krishna, her dear body soft
Can never pass this night with You afar.

4. " O Krishna, rest not in the fig-trees' shade
Beside the serpent's lair; O brother, see
The stately home of Nanda close ahead!"
So Radha speaks, when in the gloomy night
A wandering stranger comes to Nanda's house
As guest, that Hari might in secret see
His sweetheart and with loving words acclaim
Her beauty with exceeding kindliness.

CHAPTER SEVEN

NAUGHTY NARAYANA

THE Gopi's eloquent appeal fails to draw Krishna to His beloved's side, for He knows how "absence makes the heart grow fonder", and resolves to lead Radha's heart into the very valley of death before she can find the fullness of her life in Him. So we have a song wherein Radha bewails the continuing absence of her Lord, and another wherein she doubts His faithfulness to her, for surely His failure to come to her can only be due to some higher attraction than she can show. So she imagines a Gopi fairer than herself who has captivated the Lord of Love and plays with His heart while she is left to languish in her barren solitude. This is the phase in love's story when the soul weeps for love of God, and even turns to scolding Him for His desertion of her for so long; did He not promise to be true? Why then does He not come for all her cries? The fire of this misery burns away the obstacles in her heart and makes ready the road by which the Two may come together into mutual bliss.

1. And yet that very moment, just as though
The guilt of having guided amorous bands
Of maids along the road had set clear stains
Upon her radiance like sandal paste
Laid on a beauty's brow, the golden moon
Poured floods of gentle beams like gleaming lamps
Into Brindavan's shadow-haunted groves.

2. But even though the cloud-invested moon
Threw shadows from her brightness on the earth
Dappled by leaves and little branches, yet
The noble Madhava came not, but still
Delayed reluctant steps. Then Radha mourned
In many tones of loneliness; she loud
Bewailed her sorrow in these moving words:

THIRTEENTH SONG: *Gaurava-Pratimantha*

i. Alas, this is the hour ordained for ecstasy,
Yet Hari comes not here through gloomy woods to me;
My precious youth is fruitless, wasted wearily.
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends by suasive words mislead?

ii. I followed Him into these forests grim by night
Whose dense recesses hide the shimmering sky from sight,
But with five arrows He has slain my heart's delight.
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends by suasive words mislead?

iii. Far better were my death than vainly dwelling here;
My Love comes not, though I may often deem Him near.
Why must I, foolish, bear these flames of lonely fear?
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends with suasive words mislead?

iv. Alas, this night of spring, delicious though it be,
But saddens me, for as her fruit of probity
Some other sweetheart swims in bliss instead of me.
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends with suasive words mislead?

v. Alas, while I endure His absence like a flame
My very jewels torture me with burning shame;
My bracelets, now turned chains, I execrate and blame.
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends with suasive words mislead?

vi. My body is as soft as saffron bloom, my heart
Is deeply wounded by this flower-garland's art,
Which now of Love's atrocious arrows plays the cruel part.
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends with suasive words mislead?

vii. I stay alone mid forest shades, no call I heed,
For Madhusudana thinks nought of me indeed;
He takes me for no more than creeping forest weed.
Ah, where shall I find refuge in my need
When even friends with suasive words mislead?

viii. O may these words of Jayadeva, who is tied
To Hari's gracious feet, best refuge, long abide
With all your longing hearts like frail beloved bride!

Radha complains that she has given up everything for Krishna, has ventured from the safety of her own loving home into dark forests, and yet He remains deaf to all her pleas, indifferent to all her love. She now, womanlike, resolves that even if He wants her henceforward she in her turn will remain obdurate, so that He in His turn may know the pangs of unrequited love. Yet while she cries that there is *no* refuge for her lacerated heart, Jayadeva in his closing stanza points to the universal refuge, the Lover of all souls.

3. Ah, has He strayed away to waste embrace
On other charming sweetheart? Or is He
Withheld from me by playful bands of friends?
Or does He even now wander through all
This trackless forest, lost in gloomy shades?
Or can it be that my Beloved, weak
From languishing of love and listless, now
Can take no faltering steps along the path
Which leads to one who loves Him all too well?
What reason can there be for His delay
In coming to our chosen meeting-place,
This bower of arched dalbergia branches dark?

4. Thus spoke Sri Radha in her anxious woe;
Then, seeing her dear friend return alone
Without her darling Madhava, both sad
And silent, she grew all distraught and cried
In agony of smitten love: " Ah, tell me, friend!
Did you then see Janardana so dear
Woo any one of those so lovely maids? "

Her mind has roamed among various explanations for Krishna's non-appearance, only to reject them all and to fall back on the suspicion sown by jealousy in her heart. So vivid is the sway this feeling now obtains that she can actually see the scene in her imagination of how some one of the other Gopis has captured Krishna's love, so that in their dallying the very memory of lonely Radha has faded from His mind.

FOURTEENTH SONG: *Vasanta-Ekatali*

i. In raiment suited to love's contest clad, most fair
With rain of scattered flowers flying from her hair,
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

ii. How deeply she is moved by Hari's warm embrace
As her swift necklace sweeps across her bosom tips!
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

iii. Her long black locks dance on her lovely moon-bright face;
She swoons in languor at the kiss of His wet lips.
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

iv. Her leaping eardrops lightly brush her silken cheeks;
Her girdle tinkles to her rhythmic swaying hips.
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

v. She looks at her Beloved, then she shyly smiles;
By softly cooing sounds she shows love's winning wiles.
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

vi. All thrilled by countless vibrant waves of spreading bliss,
Love blooms in gasping sighs, in half-shut eyes, and kiss.
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

vii. Made lovely by those drops of dew her Lover seeks,
Her body gently sinks, love-taught, upon His breast.
Some other beauty fairer far than I
Now plays with Madhu's Foe although I sigh!

viii. May Jayadeva's song on Hari's play so blessed
Destroy the sins of this dark age and so give rest!

5. What now? Murari's face grows sudden pale
With loneliness! It is a blinding ray
Of glory that will steal away the mind,
Steep thought in all-absorbed oblivion!
But Love's true friend, the coldly shining moon,
Swells greatly in my heart the burning pain
Of separation and Love's sorrow vast!

Taught by the demon jealousy, Radha now imagines Krishna's reaction to the wiles of her rival Gopi; she sees in the phantom face the answering light of love awaken to her charms, she sees Him caressing her, adorning her with every beauty, even showering on her almost divine honours. So the human heart is wont to torment itself in the hour of frustrated love.

FIFTEENTH SONG: *Gurjari-Ekatali*

i. When love-light dawns upon the lovely face
Of one whose lips stoop for a warming kiss,
A spot of scented musk now see Him place,
Dark stain upon Night's Star, with thrill of bliss.
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

ii. A bunch of scarlet saffron now He ties,
Bright as love's lightning, in her windblown hair.
Enchanting as dark thunderclouds, it lies
Above her youthful face like flame sown there.
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

iii. Between her twin musk-tinted wide-set breasts
Adorned with crescent scratches from His nail,
He gently drapes a string of pearls that rests
Like starry constellation pure and pale.
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

iv. On her soft arms, as slim as lotus stems
With hands as water-lily petals white,
He fastens emerald bracelets set with gems
Snow-cool, to draw bee-swarms as calls a light.
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

v. On her wide hips, joy's ever-glowing shrine,
Where Love is seated on his golden throne,
To veil the temple and the gate divine
Of bliss, He hangs a bright bejewelled zone.
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

vi. On her dear soles, where Lakshmi loves to reign,
Adorned with pearly nails, laid on His heart,
He humbly paints the rosy carmine stain
Of lak, that they no more may drift apart.
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

vii. While Haladhara's Brother in this way
Delightedly enjoys the highest love,
Why, friend, must I thus loveless vainly stay
In this dark forest like a stricken dove?
See, now Murari plays the victor's role, a happy dream,
Within the forest on the bank of Yam'na's merry stream.

viii. May Kali's sins flee Jayadev, the King
Of Bards, who worships Krishna's holy feet,
And whom He graciously has taught to sing
His wondrous mysteries in verses meet.

Radha's reproaches to the unsuccessful Gopi lead her to defend herself: Why should she be vexed when her Beloved is happy with another of His loving devotees? True love craves nothing but the happiness of the Beloved; if she truly loves Krishna, His happiness must be her highest bliss.

But Radha retorts that it is the one yearning of her heart to unite with that Beloved, and how can she bear to live if He be not at her side?

6. "O friend, if this most heartless one deceives
And comes not at my call, then why are you
Disturbed? What harm does He to you when He
Plays freely with His fancy?"
"Nay, it is
This heart of mine that, as by mighty ropes,
Self-willed, self-guided and all-uncontrolled,
Is drawn away by cravings to unite
Itself with the Beloved's very Self.
Such agony of longing who can bear?
It penetrates the deeps; it tears in twain!"

Jayadeva knows well this commonplace of the cult of Bhakti, that the lover seeks only the bliss of the Beloved and never craves to be *wholly* one with Him. None of the five forms of liberation are the aim of the bhakta: he wants only to love and serve the Divine Adored. But Radha in this tale is a portrait of the Soul growing through various stages towards the fullness of Divine Love, and is not as in the other Vaishnava books herself the very Power (*śakti*) of God Himself.

SIXTEENTH SONG: *Deshanka-Rupaka*

i. He is as fickle as the roving wind
With dancing flower-fair eyes;
No sorrow grieves that maiden's merry mind
While on soft leaves she lies.
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

ii. His face enthralls the momentary gaze,
An open lotus fair;
Love's dart has never pierced its cruel ways
Through wound no heart could bear.
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

iii. His voice is very low and nectar-sweet,
Alluring all who hear;
She is not burned by balmy breezes sweet
Or sandal fragrance dear.
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

iv. His hands and feet are dainty as soft blooms
Of water-lilies tall;
Cool rays of moonlight shining through night's glooms
Her with no burn appal!
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

v. As gracious as a cloud-mass filled with rain
When all the earth is dry,
Her heart is not dismayed or crushed by pain,
Long lonely—love passed by!
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

vi. His robe immaculate emits bright light,
A blazing ray of gold;
She breathes no yearning sighs for His dear sight,
But laughs in bliss untold.
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

vii. In all the worlds no Beauty is less kind
In youth's sweet charity;
Her mind in deep reflection can but find
Deep cause for misery.
See, friend, she plays with Vanamali now!

viii. Ah, may these charming lines of Jayadev,
Inspired on Hari's part,
Bring His sweet presence in and truly save
Each simple listener's heart!

Radha has tormented herself to the utmost limit with the imagined picture of Krishna's dalliance with a rival Gopi, and now she truly despairs of life and longs for death to set her free from unbearable pain. All that used to be a delight to her, all sweet cool things, the love of friends, the memory of that mystic Night she once spent with her Beloved—all have turned to sources of intolerable bitterness, and she dares no longer hope for relief.

At this unbearable moment, when, as Sri Ramakrishna says, the soul is weeping for the love of God, He comes to Her—a sudden brief flash of divine bliss, earnest of the final union to come.

7. O sandal-scented wind, you who arouse
The bliss of love and stir deep pangs divine,
Be still! O southern breeze, with odours rare
So laden, hurt no more my tenderness
With your rough play! O life of all the world,
When you have once led Madhava to me,
Set Him before my yearning eyes, it is enough;
Then take away my breath, and let me die!

8. The pleasant company of friends gives pain
Like harshest menace of a bitter foe;
The coolest breeze burns like a raging fire;
The nectar moonbeams scorch like poison throbs;
My heart begins to flutter wildly, longs
To rush unto that lotus-eyed sweet Lord
Who rules my all. Ah, cruel Love, to thwart
One who has burst all bonds and broken free
And would but throw herself upon His breast!

9. O southern wind, give sorrow more and more
To this my broken heart, for I would die

Of love! Five-arrowed Lord, now steal away
This worthless life of mine; it is but His—
He is my life, yet spurns my bitter prayer!
No more shall I return to my dear home!
O Yam'na, sister of great Yama, Lord
Of Death, why do you brood so calm, serene?
Dash on my flaming limbs your climbing waves
And so assuage my body's agony;
I cannot bear to live, and fain would drown.

10. See, Krishna comes, in azure sari clad
While Radha stands in robe of golden silk
Amid her Gopi friends, who laugh amazed
To see the change dawn brings.
May Nanda's Son,
Who shyly peeped from corners of His eyes,
That danced in merriment, on Radha's face
So sweetly smiling, give bliss to the world
And shower graces on all sons of men!

This playful trick of the dear Lord, changing His attire with Radha's in the night when He made His brief visit in answer to her despairing cry, is a symbol of the perfect oneness with Him which she has desired and which shall soon be hers.

CHAPTER EIGHT

LAKSHMIPATI REBUKED

Krishna comes—but Radha, with the swift changes of a lover's mood, now turns to the sweet scolding which is the privilege only of assured love. She roundly accuses the Divine Lover of coming to her with traces yet on him of other loves, other dalliances, and pretends she will have nothing to do with him as He does not give Himself exclusively to her love.

1. By Love's barbed arrows pierced and wounded sore,
She had survived that night in deep despair;
Then in the dim-lit dawn, as light returned
And slowly showed Him clear, addressed in wrath
Her plaintive and submissive Darling thus:

Seventeenth Song: *Bhairavi-Rupaka*

i. Because You stayed awake all night
To watch the hours till dawning light,
Your eyes are red and sleepy; they
Your passion's vigil well betray.
Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

ii. While kissing her dark eye, enhanced
By sable dye to black most bright,
Your rosy mouth, by love entranced,
Turned blue as Your dark body's night.

Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

iii. Your bosom, marked by nails of her,
Reveals to me Love's hour of storm;
The runes that victory aver
Have decked with gold Your azure form.
Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

iv. The crimson stain, flowed from her feet
So flower-soft, has steeped Your heart;
It seems that clustered buds most sweet
Hang there on passion's tree apart.
Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

v. Your lips with dint of teeth are signed;
I look — the thought leaps in my mind,
Knit to a deep anxiety:
"Ah, why not now be one with me?"
Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

vi. Your heart must surely bear a stain
Dark as the mark upon your breast,
Or her who burns in Love's confessed
Hot fever how betray to pain?

आम्नाय-ग्रन्थालय, भदैनि, करौंदी वाराणसी-5

Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

vii. What wonder that you wander free
Through woods to make poor girls your prey?
For even Putana could say
Your cruelty in infancy!
Away, O Madhava! avaunt,
O Kesava! Speak no false word;
Go, seek the beauty in her haunt
Who charms from sorrow her dear Lord!

viii. O sages, hear these plaintive lays
Of brokenhearted maid, more sweet
Than honey, and more hard to meet
Than heaven, Jayadeva says.

2. O dark deceiver, when I look without
To trace your love, that lovely breast of Yours
Is flushed to blush of crimson with the lak
That stains the gentle feet of Your adored;
It seems to feel some shame that You have sold
The love You once professed for me, Your own.
And so the sight of You sows in my soul
A seed of quick embarrassment and pain
That mingles in my surging sorrow's stream.

3. May music from the Flute of Kamsa's Foe
Which captivates the mind and draws the gaze,
Steady as though in trance, to the rich crown
Of scarlet-red mandara blossoms spread
Upon His head—a mighty spell for all
His lovers—Flute that troubled haughty fiends
And ended all the griefs of gods of yore—
Drive far from you all woe for evermore!

Radha has repulsed the visionary Krishna with charges of faithlessness, even as Tukaram and other devotees in later days reproached their darling Panduranga for His apparent desertion of their need. If things are left like this, there will be no culminating wave to carry her far within the heart of the all-Beloved; life will have failed its aim. It is at this stage the Guru steps in to check the mood of proud despair and so to lead the Soul back to the path of simple love and surrender to its Lord.

CHAPTER NINE

MUKUNDA APPEASED

RADHA's Gopi friend, devoted to bring this Divine Love to fulfilment so as to give true bliss to her adored Krishna, pleads with her to await His final destined hour with patience, keeping her heart on Him with unswerving love, purified from all self-love which can be expressed in a hurt feeling.

1. Distressed by love, and from all hope of joy
Divorced by sorrow, she dived deep in mind;
Then on the marvels of her Hari's life
She meditated, and on His dear charms.
    Then when the moment seemed to her most meet
For speech, her gentle friend serenely said:

EIGHTEENTH SONG: *Gurjari-Rupaka*

i. When the balmy breeze of springtime blows
Hari seeks the meeting-place He knows;
Your dear home, my friend, no higher bliss
Could ever have for you than this.
    To Madhav show no haughty pride
    But all your wounded anger hide.

ii. Wherefore make the domes of your twinned breasts,
Where His golden garment gladly rests,
Firmer than the palm-fruit, bloom in vain,
Flow constant juice of useless pain?
    To Madhav show no haughty pride
    But all your wounded anger hide.

iii. Oh, how often have I cautioned you,
Tireless, for my ceaseless words are true:
" Never leave your lovely Hari, dear,
For He will surely hasten here! "
To Madhav show no haughty pride
But all your wounded anger hide.

iv. Grieve not; do not weep so mournfully;
Free your heart from hard anxiety.
See! your friends have gathered to your side,
Their merry laughter echoes wide.
To Madhav show no haughty pride
But all your wounded anger hide.

v. Hari sits upon a lover's bed
Where cool lotus petals have been spread;
Once behold His beauty, then your eyes
Will bring you fruits of Paradise!
To Madhav show no haughty pride
But all your wounded anger hide.

vi. Why chain in your mind so great a pain,
Needlessly enduring once again
Your gnawing woe? Hear this unchanging view
So selflessly now offered you!
To Madhav show no haughty pride
But all your wounded anger hide.

vii. Let your Hari come, with sweetness overbrimmed
Speak to heal your weary ears words hymned
By everyone. Why, then, make so sad
A blameless heart that will be glad?
To Madhav show no haughty pride
But all your wounded anger hide.

viii. May this lay of Jayadev delight
Saddened souls who love the good and right,
Those who find all sweetness in the tale
Of Hari's loving play regale.

Once again Jayadeva reminds the reader that his Poem is to give happiness to those who love goodness and take delight in God's doings; worldly and sensual folk can derive nothing from it but harm.

2. Ah, Radha, if you cleave to bitterness
When your Beloved comes with loving smile,
Or silent stay unmoved before His gaze
Of adoration, or in hostile mood
When He is full of ardent feeling, or,
More cruel yet, withdraw the radiance
Of your dear face when He unveils His own—
For you who act in so contrary way
What wonder if the sandalwood be bane,
The moonbeams burn as burns the tropic sun,
The snowflake scorch like whitest flame of fire,
And love's delights seem fiercest agony?

3. We men who read or hear this wondrous tale
Bow deep in adoration of the feet
Most holy, flowerlike, of Govinda,
To which great Indra and all other gods
Prostrate in boundless reverence. They seem
A pair of lotuses of torquoise hue,
Blue as the azure jewels of their crowns,
Whence flows immortal Ganga in free streams
Like dripping nectar from a flower's heart.

When the Gopi warns Radha against receiving Krishna with anything less than full warmth of love, she adds that otherwise all misery will fill her heart and all that should have brought delight will become a nameless sorrow. Love must be received by equal love, then alone can it carry joy in its tender arms. Jayadeva closes this chapter with a rapturous expression of reverent devotion to the glorious feet of the all-loving Lord, worshipped by all the gods and source of every precious gift of grace.

CHAPTER TEN

CLEVER CHATURBHUJ DESCRIBES THE ANGRY MAID

But Radha's anger did not pass so soon; she only felt that the other Gopis could not understand her heart and how Krishna's delay was torturing it. Krishna is all Love, and so He came to comfort her, this time in the quiet evening, bearing in His hands the balm to soothe her pain.

1. Now Radha in that moment was held firm
In grasp of sternest anger, and she breathed
Vast sighs too fearful for a tender maid
To bear, as her dark eyes roamed restlessly
Around to find one understanding look
Among her Gopi friends; they smouldered still
With wrathful smoky flames. And so the day,
Which seemed all endless in its loneliness
And hopeless sorrow, wore to its slow close.
And in the evening, while the light grew pale,
Her Hari came to her again with joy
That overflowed all limits; deeply moved,
In panting voice, He spoke these fervent words:

The passion of Krishna's love-avowal to His Radha cannot be shown by any strict prisoning in metre and expresses itself naturally in free language.

Nineteenth Song: *Deshavaradi-Adava*

'. O utter but a single gentle word!
The moonlights of your sparkling rows
Of teeth at once dispose
All gloomy fear; it flies like frightened bird,

Ah, now My liquid lips
Begin to quiver, and My thirsty eyes
Long for the nectar of your moonlit face
Which some moon-wooing chakor sips,
Intoxicate with love, in moonlit mountain place
When day's drear sunlight dies.
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set My mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again
The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

ii. O pearly-toothéd beauty! If, then, you indeed
Cling to your anger, if My bitter need
Awakes no pity in your mind,
Then let Me swiftly find
Stern penalty in your sharp nail!
Rend, then, My shrinking body pale;
Imprison Me within the cell of your embrace;
Bite Me with those sharp teeth; do anything
To satisfy your wrath. I will but sing
The gentle goodness of your grace.
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay,
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set My mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again
The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

iii. You are My beauty, you My dearest life!
You are for Me the precious pearl

Hid in the mighty sea of surging strife—
This wheel of birth and death in ceaseless whirl.
My heart holds but one aim
Its every effort strains to win one claim
Upon your goodness: that you may be ever kind
To my desire; there shall I full contentment find.
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay,
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set My mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again
The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

iv. O slender charmer! Your soft eyes
Were limned as water-lilies of cerulean blue,
But now their beauty which I loved and knew
Is sadly changed; the azure dies
And in its stead
Is born an angry red
Like scarlet lotus flowers.
Ah, what sweet wonder hours
Of dalliance together we could spend
If you would only turn them blue again!
Then Archer Love would bend
His bow, set blossom-arrows there,
And quickly bring a fair
Glad end to all our separation's pain!
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay,
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set My mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again

The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

v. Ah, let the swaying jewelled string
Shine bright between the chalices upon your breast,
Until its rainbow hues of loveliness attest
The undulating wonders shadowing
The mystery of your heart. Let this bright zone
That winds about your shapely waist
Make music of itself alone,
That we to Love's obedience may haste.
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay,
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set my mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again
The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

vi. Your little feet the lovely earthborn lilies slight,
But in Love's hour they do delight
My lonely heart, and they awake
The warmest ardour till it fain would break.
O tell Me in your softest tone,
Sweet-voicéd One,
To paint those feet a brilliant rosy hue
Though fingers tremble, awed by love of you.
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay,
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set My mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again
The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

vii. Love's deadly poison I would quell;
Its only remedy is when you place
The tender petals of your dear delicious feet
Upon My head as diadem divine. They well
Can charm away the burning agony
Love's pitiless and cruel fire
Of ever restless and so vast desire
Has kindled and enflamed in Me.
Sweetest darling, gentlest fay,
Put your causeless wrath away
Which estranges you from Me.
The fire of love has suddenly
Set My mind ablaze. I fain
Would drink again
The luscious honey that so slowly drips
From your enchanting lotus lips.

viii. These are the words that Mura's Foe,
So playful, sweetly loving, wise,
Spoke to His Radhika. And know
That Jayadeva conquers, conquers till he dies,
Through words whose joyous eloquence
Bring bliss and fullest confidence
To all who love this lovely Lord.
May He for ever be adored!

Krishna's victory is the victory of a loving heart, which keeps nothing back from the beloved. The divine humility of those words in Stanza vii: " when you place the tender petals of your dear delicious feet upon My head as diadem divine ", shocked Jayadeva himself while writing them; he left them unwritten, but returned to find the hand of Krishna had itself inscribed them on his palm-leaf. None but a God can so revere His lover, pay such fathomless adoration to His devotee, as is implied in India by such words as these.

2. Excited one, renounce this vain unrest!
Your swelling breast and rounded hips

Pervade incessantly My ardent mind;
They leave no room for any else but Love,
The Bodiless, to enter there. I press
My bounding heart upon thy bosom fair;
Now let it wake unto My pulsing love,
Respond with joy to all its graciousness.

3. O foolish one, be merciless at least
In causeless rage; bite with those pearly teeth,
Enfold Me fast in your long tendril arms,
Crush Me upon your swollen breast of love!
O cruel girl, you must yourself bestir
My bliss, or else My life will soon escape—
Unhappy Love's swift arrows prove My death.

4. O moon-faced beauty, your long curving brows
Seem to a timid child a fearful snake,
Hideous and black; so terrible a dread
Thus caused within the mind of this young Boy
Can only be allayed by some such charm
Of magic as the nectar of your lips.

5. O slender maid, your silence vain now pains
And tortures me. Sing pleasing songs, chant words
In all five melodies; thus chase away
My agony with your sweet glance of love
Intoxicatingly immaculate.
O beauty, turn away from Me no more;
Be no heartbreaking sorrow to deceive
My hope. It is Myself, your very own
Beloved, who have come to you, with all
The riches of My heart, dear foolish soul!

6. The beauty of your carmine lips compares
With crimson blossoms of the bandhuka,
Washed in the diamond dew of early dawn;

Your velvet cheeks, O wrathful one, are smooth
With down, like mohwah petals, while your eyes,
Resplendent in their lustre, far surpass
The glory of the lotus blue as skies
On summer mornings, and your graceful nose
Is shapely as the sesame in bud.
Beloved, you whose teeth are shining white
As camphor, now the Archer wings his shafts,
Tipped with all flowers, scatters them abroad,
And so subdues the universe to Love!

7. Your eyes are red with passionate desire;
Your face is round as the fair moon at full;
Your hips delight the world, and they excel
The plantain tree in gracefulness of gait;
The arts are all the servants of your love
And render it pure homage; while your brows
Are like neat lines limned in a picture drawn
By painter of exceeding skill in art.
Ah, slender beauty, you have now put on
The loveliness of all dear maids divine,
And so come down upon this eager earth
Full of all beauty in one wondrous birth!

Krishna finds in His Radha all the beauty that is really in Himself, the Fount of Loveliness. In the Lalitamadhava, 8 : 32, quoted in Sri Sri Chaitanya Charitamrita, Madhya Lila, c. 8, we have: " O what an enchanting beauty, what ineffable and wondrous loveliness reveals itself through these limbs! As I see this beauty I am myself enchanted like Radha; my heart yearns for it and I eagerly long to enjoy it." The Song of Solomon, in the Bible, is full of such touching descriptions of the beauty which God gives to His beloved.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GOVINDA IN BLISS

HAVING wooed His beloved with such sweet words, Krishna passes silently into the 'Cavern of the Heart', the holy 'Marriage Bower", and there awaits her patiently. The Gopi urges her to surrender everything to Him and become all His love, and she goes forward trustingly to meet Him at the door, where He gives her most loving welcome, covers her with every spiritual adornment and grace, and initiates her into the life of infinite and eternal love.

1. This Kesav donned His gladsome cloak, and then
Made long and humble speeches till at last
The deer-eyed one had been appeased. At eve,
While day's bright light declined to darkness, He
Moved slowly in towards the couch of flowers
Hid in the rustic arbour, while the maid
In dreamy rapture decked her lovely self
With many-coloured gems that drew all eyes,
And golden rings and chains that caught each ray.
Her friend thus spoke to that sweet Radha now:

Diffident of the power of her own beauty to hold Krishna's love, Radha decks herself with varied graces gifted by her Love.

TWENTIETH SONG: *Vasanta-Rupaka*

i. He has sung a poem very sweet
Which caresses ears, charms woes away;
He has fallen low before your feet,
Pleading pardon for His long delay;

Now He has preceded you below
Eye-entrancing creepers for love-play,
Where recliners every rapture know.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you.

ii. Hips and heavy bosom bear you down
With a weight which slows your gentle pace,
While His feet dance gaily till they drown
Memories of sorrow. Filled with grace,
Jewelled anklets tinkling, heart afire,
Go, dear Radha, to that secret place
Swanlike, to fulfil His whole desire.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you.

iii. Hear the maddening flute-born melody
Of the Enemy of Madhu dance
On the air; it captivates the free
Maidens with its magic spell in trance;
Flocks of koils loyal to Love's Lord
Heed His summons, at a single glance
Fly for aid to Archer so adored.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you.

iv. Breezes softly stir the drooping boughs;
Tender groups of leaves now gently move;
Creepers from their slumber sweetly rouse,
Beckoning with many hands to prove
Warmth of welcome to your eager soul.
So, fair Radha, heart aflame with love,
Leave all hesitation, seek your Goal.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you,

v. Curling tendrils which moon's radiance laves
All pulsate as though beneath the sway
Of Love's never-ceasing flow of waves;
Hari's playful games they thus betray.
Ask your glamorous garland, lovely lure,
Like a rivulet of waters pure
And your rounded breasts what they would say.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you.

vi. All your girl-friends wonderingly agree
Your soft body is prepared to wage
Love's incessant war to victory.
Wrathful! let your girdle's throbbing rage
Sound drum-calls to battle; then with free
Passioned feelings go like very Sage
To your Lover unashamedly.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you.

vii. Lay your hand with fingers beautiful
As Loves' arrows on some faithful friend;
Give up home and family—a fool
Clings to petty honour; now transcend
Shyness; bid your chiming bracelets warn
Hari that, a broken heart to mend,
Now you boldly go to Him forlorn.
Simple-hearted Radhika, so pure and true,
Follow Madhu's Conqueror who followed you.

viii. May Sri Jayadeva's thrilling song,
Which eclipses necklaces of pearls
And fair women, dwell upon the tongue
Of each soul whom dear devotion hurls
Unto Hari, nailing there their hope
Which with mighty love its flag unfurls,
Fearless, where the blinded darkly grope.

2. He cries in glad expectancy of bliss
To be: " My love looks lovingly at Me;
She utters sweetness, kisses every limb;
She swells with love and vast serene delight
As she unites her very self with Mine! "
Ah, see His fervent ardour and His joy
When peering forth to glimpse your nearing form!
He trembles, He is thrilled with waves of bliss.
Now your Beloved with a shining dew
Of perspiration is bedewed as He
Runs madly here and there in ecstasy,
And then at last, all overwhelmed with zeal,
Swoons motionless upon the shadowed ground
Of that dear arbour veiled in deepest shade.

3. So dark that arbour is, O friend, it soon
Enfolds in sable cloak each graceful limb
Of passion-thirsty beauties, even though
Black kohl be painted round their brilliant eyes,
Garcinia-berry bunches draped in wreaths
Around their ears, a chaplet woven well
Of dark blue lotuses be on their hair,
A garland of musk-scented leaves be hung
Upon their breasts—all, all is hid from view.

4. Though velvet skin of sweethearts beautiful
Who hasten to that holy trysting-place
Be smeared with yellow sandal-paste and marked
With traces of their swaying jewel chains—
That darkness is more dark by far than all
The darkest blue tamala leaves. Therein
The spreading creepers test the heart's true gold
And so reveal love's instinct-vision clear.

5. That Gopi saw the lovely Hari stand
Before the leafy arbour's open door,
With golden necklace swaying to and fro,

The jewels of His armlets and the rings
Of gold about His shapely wrists aflame
With gleaming fires like deathless lights at play.
Moved by her sympathy and love, that loyal friend
Began to speak to modest Radha thus:

Krishna awaits the loving soul at the door of His heart, where, so great is the 'darkness' of the holy mystery to be conferred that all her graces, all the virtues which distinguish her from others, all the personal qualities in which she has taken joy through the ages—all is lost to view. Nothing is to be seen in that holy Arbour of Love Divine but the Divine Lord Himself—and who is there would wish to look at anything while His infinite Beauty is to hand, poured like a rain of grace into our hearts, an ocean wherein to swim in perfect ecstasy. As the Initiate sings in Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde', "Give forgetting that I live!", for He alone Is, and in His Being is perfect and eternal joy.

Radha's Gopi friend or Guru now urges her to enter without delay into that bliss which is to be found nowhere save in Krishna's loving embrace.

TWENTY-FIRST SONG: *Varadi-Adava*

i. Within this shady arbour of delighting,
Love's dear abode, enjoy with radiant face
Love's boundless bliss beyond an age of fighting—
Blest gift of perfect grace.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava

ii. Repose on these fresh leaves of young ashoka
Which are of bridal beds for Love the very best,
While your long necklet leaps with joyful ardour
On chaliced cuplike breast.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava.

iii. Recline in this pure refuge far from sorrow,
Made of a fragrant heap of tender flowers;

Lay softer body thereon till the morrow
Through golden dreaming hours.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava.

iv. Soft breathes the south wind stealing from the mountains,
Carrying the snowy camphor's cooling scent;
Bursting with joy, pour forth love-songs like fountains
Which Love's raptures here present.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava.

v. O shapely-waisted, overflow with rapture
In lasting bliss wherein lost lovers drowse,
Under the shadows of fretted leaves that capture
Sleepers below twined boughs.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava.

vi. Enjoy love's bliss, O taster of emotions,
Where swarming honey-bees hum, drunk with sweetness,
Nectar outpoured in ever swelling oceans
Thrills them to fleetness.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava.

vii. O you whose teeth are white as pearls and fair,
Shrilled-voiced koils flying in the silence
Make flights of melody thrill on the fragrant air,
Calling to lovers thence.
Enter here, dear Radha,
To your darling Madhava.

viii. Murari, Jayadeva, royal singer
Singing for kings, has heaped up endless joy
For Queen Padmavati, let countless blessings linger,
His grateful heart employ.

The rising passion of the tale is fittingly shown here by a certain deliberate irregularity in metre and rhyme; we pass swiftly now to the glorious climax of the ages' pilgrimage—Radha prepares for her Krishna's arms.

6. Ah, Radha, now your Lover wearies sore
From bearing you so long within His heart,
And He is parched with scorching winds of love;
To cool His fever, He but pants to drink
The cloying nectar of moist rosy lips
So exquisite—intoxicating bliss!
Come then, if only for a moment, come,
Adorn His lap and rest in His embrace.
You lightly bought Him with a lifted brow,
A single glance from your dark-shadowed eyes;
He serves your flower-feet a humble slave,
Why hold Him, then, in trembling fear or awe?

7. Her eyes now turn to Govinda in love,
Yet fearfully, as though in doubt her joy
So sudden, undeserved, might still escape
Her consciousness. Then both her anklets chime
With charming music, like a peal of bells
To celebrate the marriage of a Queen,
As she with stately steps and graceful pace
Enters the Lover's chosen trysting-place.

When the Gopi convinces Radha of Krishna's full sincerity and deep love, she waits no more, but straightway, in perfect peace of heart, goes to the secret arbour chosen by her Lord for the initiation into loving union with Him.

She herself now sees her Beloved waiting there for her, with all the ineffable beauty of His perfect form, the very Source of Beauty and all joy. The following Song is the only one in the Third Person, narrative in form.

TWENTY-SECOND SONG: *Viradi-Rupaka*

i. This Hari long had one desire—to gaze
On Radha's face, whereon the changeful rays

Of fleeting feeling played, as on the sea
The white full moon rides billows brilliantly.
So He appeared to her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

ii. A necklace of the purest pearls swung free
Upon His breast, down to the graceful knee,
Like snowy flecks of foam that float like suds
When Yamuna is full of swirling floods.
So He appeared to her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

iii. His soft dark night-blue body to adorn,
A silken robe of yellow He had worn,
As root of lotus lily may be told
By total covering of pollen gold.
So He appeared to her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

iv. In His dear face the pair of restless eyes
Dart to and fro to make love-thoughts arise,
Like pigeons playing over lotus flower
Born in a lake fed by the summer shower.
So He appeared to her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

v. His flower-face shone full as wondrous bright
As His gold pendants in the sun's full light;
His budlike lips were lit by His soft smiles,
Their beauty stirring thirst for love's sweet wiles.
So He appeared to her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

vi. With flowers entwined, His hair was fair as some
Dark raincloud when the gleaming moonbeams come;

The full moon born from darkness is not more
Pure than the sandal tilak that He wore.
So He appeared to her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

vii. And all His body trembled with deep thrill
Till waves of love-play almost made it ill,
Though glorious with its load of jewellery
That blazed with many hues of radiancy.
So He appeared to Her, His joyous grace
Revealing deepest love by smiling face.

viii. This work of Jayadev enhances love
And twice the weight of bliss its beauties prove.
Fall down before this Hari, hold Him dear
Who calls forth virtue from dark floods of fear.

The vision of her Lover's loveliness draws her on, into the secrecy of the holy Arbour of her love. Her friends leave her now, for when Krishna is there where is the need of any other? They know her happiness will be complete in Krishna's arms, and rejoice to see that all memory of the world and of themselves fades from the mind of their beloved Friend and Sister in His all-absorbing presence. Krishna draws her in with utmost tenderness and folds her to His loving heart with sighs of love.

8. Her eyes grew weary through attempts to see
Her swaying ear-ring, trembled, then dropped down
And rested, modest, on the shadowed ground.
Then Radha, having seen her Well-Beloved,
Shed shining tears of joy like the clear dew
That drips in silence from white lily's heart.

9. With holy modesty as though in bashful awe
She took her place beside the bridal bed.
They were alone together; all her friends
Had one by one slipped from that arbour-shrine
Into the secret darkness of the night,

Hiding their smiles of understanding love
Behind soft hands in gentle kind pretence
That they would touch their satin cheeks.
This fair
Gazelle-like Radha was struck down by barbs
Of Love's sharp arrows, so when she beheld
Her Lover's face beloved, she found it fair
Beyond all telling, gazed thereon in trance
Of love and joy ecstatic, moveless gazed
As though a statue had been carved in stone,
Silent and rapt with wonder. As she gazed
On Him, all modesty and fear dissolved
In waves of confidence, fled far from her.

10. Then Nanda's Son with lavish ecstasy
Poured forth upon her floods of highest bliss;
He held her in the cavern of His arms
So very very gently that she swooned away
In utmost rapture. Then He strained her close
Upon His heart divine, grew one with her.
Into her sleeping ear He softly sighed:
"Ah, would that you could blend your life with Mine,
Be lost in Me for evermore!"
Ah, when
This loving Lord turns round His glorious head
May His sweet glance fall on each one of you!

Some copies of our Poem end this chapter here, others add several stanzas, of which the two following alone seem to be authentic and in any way worthy of the Poet-devotee.

11. When in His mighty play He put to death
Kuvalyapid, the demon elephant,
Drops of its crimson blood splashed on those arms
So strong, as Mura's Victor won in war
The victory; all hail to Lakshmi now

Who beautified them with her scarlet blooms
Of red dhatura in the strife of love,
As if He had but stained Himself in joy
Of conquest over that dread elephant
With crimson power most auspicious.

12. In Radha's heart there is a hidden lake;
Small though it be, it is the favoured place
For Love's alluring play, it is the one
And only treasury of graces, source
Of mystic wooing by her mighty Love
So passionately blind. Mukunda plays
In her delicious breast, as royal swan
Enjoys its bliss upon the secret Lake
Of Manasa; in her still bosom grows
The whitest lily of His chaste desire.
May this dear Krishna grant you holy joy!

CHAPTER TWELVE

PITAMBARA BELOVED

THEY are alone together, yet still there is a trace of profound modesty that holds them from each other. Krishna then begs her to give all herself to Him, so that in the giving she may receive all, and more than all, she ever could conceive.

1. Her band of friends had quietly withdrawn,
When Hari saw that Radha more and more
Was dipped in modesty intense, though swayed
By Love's keen power. A soft smile bathed her lips
And deep emotion steeped her mind while she
Threw eager eyes upon the couch of leaves
And fresh-culled flowers. Then He in secret spoke
This whisper in the ear of His dear One:

TWENTY-THIRD SONG: *Vibhasa-Ekatali*

i. O lay the loving lotus of your feet
Within this bed of flower-petals sweet,
And let your tendril feet steal silently
Its beauty as from vanquished enemy.
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

ii. My own soft hands will soothe them to delight,
For I have drawn you very far this night.
Repose a moment on this bed of bliss—
Your anklets chime a joyous 'Yes' to this!
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

iii. Your gracious speech like nectar slow distils
In your mouth's ocean which ambrosia fills.
As I efface the hours we pined apart,
So I withdraw this vest that veils your heart.
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

iv. Filled with the joy of your Beloved's embrace
And thrilled as others are by far-thrown grace,
Quench My love's burning; on My bosom rest
The holy chalice of your yearning breast.
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

v. My sweetheart, give your lips' sweet honeyed juice;
Like a dead slave, My captive life let loose!
My mind is merged in you; My body burns
In cureless loneliness; for you it yearns.
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

vi. Ah, love! Your belt begemmed must now rejoice
In union with the music of your voice;
My ears are weary of the koil's song,
Soothe now their agony endured so long.
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

vii. Ah, now your eye grows tired of angry glare
In vain; it blinks as though ashamed to stare.
Oh, let all shrinking from My ardour cease,
For love alone can lead you into peace.
O Radha, for a little while, your love to show
Stay near Narayana who longed your love to know.

viii. May Jayadeva's song which you have heard,
Which sings the joy of Krishna through each word,
Awake in folk of feeling the dear mood
Of sensible emotion, love's sweet food.

After once again expressing his hope that the Poem may arouse conscious devotion to the Lord in all its readers, Jayadeva enters on a fervent portrayal of the scene which might be imagined in the darkness of that sacred heart-arbour. In reading it, I would once again beg you to remember that such words have been found by mystics to be the only possible way of expressing the ineffable experience of intimate communion between God and the Soul; I am thinking here specially of the Christian mystics—St Teresa, St John of the Cross, St Francis de Sales, St Catherine of Siena, Ruysbroeck, and the rest; the countless singers of Sufism, in Sind and Iran, the Manichean scriptures, the Hasidim of Israel, the Gurus of the Sikhs, the whole galaxy of Vaishnava and Saiva lovers and devotees of the Lord. Let those who would try to take it all as a literal account of the dalliance of two earthly human beings beware lest by that filthy blasphemy they plunge themselves irreparably into the mire of ages.

2. Ah, how the thrilling ecstasy of close embrace
Grew deep and deeper! How each fleeting blink
Of eyes would interrupt love's meaning looks!
How sweet the drinking at each other's lips
Moistened with cloying nectar! O what bliss
Is victory in this tournament of love!
Yet even this was but the fawn-shy dawn
Of that blest union of lives that ever grew.

3. Enslaved by clasping arms, crushed by the weight
Of heavy bosom, scored by fervid nails,
The edges of His rosebud lips by teeth
Bitten and wounded, pained by pressing hips,
His night-black hair pulled almost from the roots,
Intoxicate with nectar of His lips—
The Lover found the fruit of His desire.
Ah, strange indeed the ways wherein Love moves!

4. These are the signs of Love: How many games
Of stirring passion when the fight begins!
Then mighty waves of zeal to overcome
The dear one's struggle to reciprocate
That passion; then the fevered loins grow still,
The tendril arms sink down to weariness;
The breast is panting, while the eyes half close—
Where will man's love for woman reach its end?

5. "O Beautiful, I fancy that great Siv,
Mridani's foolish Husband, quaffed the cup
Of poison for the solitary cause:
He failed to win you in swayamvara
Upon the milky ocean's wavebeat shore!"—
With such sweet words He tied her mind in sleep,
Then gently raised her sari's drooping end,
To feast His eyes upon her budding breasts.
O may this playful Hari be your Guard!

6. His finger-nails had tinged her bosom red
As roses; while her eyes blushed red with sleep,
The carmine of her lips had paled to pink;
The broken flowers in her hair had fallen down,
Her zone and sari shaken free, displaced.
Then in the smiling dawn, when night had fled,
She shyly raised the lashes of her eyes
And saw the mind of her Beloved pierced
By Love's five arrows—oh, how wonderful!

7. Her hairnet slipped, her tossing tresses dropped,
Her cheeks were lightly sprayed with the bright dew
Of perspiration, setting off the charm
Her lips revealed, the while her necklace strayed
Across the chalice domes upon her breast.
Her girdle fell away and lay disdained
Somewhere or other. With her modest hands

She veiled her bosom and the mystic shrine
Where secrecy is throned. Then when she saw
The One she knew, she gave Him all He craved—
Her garland having fallen out of view.

8. With eyes half closed in longing, with a smile
As lovely as new grass beneath cool rain,
Swayed in a panting stream of loving cries
Distressed and incoherent from love's pain,
His lips all marked with dents from open teeth,
His breath acquiver at each fond embrace—
Ah, happy He who drinks that beauty's face,
Whose body languishes with endless bliss!

The last Song in the Poem is by Radha, offering all herself to her Beloved who is at the same time the Beloved of all the universe.

TWENTY-FOURTH SONG: *Ramakari-Rupaka*

i. O Son of Yadu, with Your little fingers soft,
That are more cool than sandal paste by night,
Outline a flower in musk upon my breasts so bright,
Which are indeed Love's consecrated cups upheld aloft.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

ii. Beloved, let the clinging kiss of Your dear lips
Paint glossy kohl upon my darkened eyelid tips,
Till they are blacker than the swarming bee
And shoot the flying darts of Love's fond instancy.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

iii. O gentle Lover, dight in gorgeous robes,
Now fasten pendants in my tender lobes
Which stay the leaping pleasure-looks of fawnlike eyes,
And so enjoy the game of netting Love in glad surprise.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

iv. Then drape above my lovely face so fair,
Purer than lotus bud at dawn of day,
The long dark tresses of my gleaming hair
Which curtain-like depend before my eyes,
As over fragrant flowers a swarm of summer flies
Are seen all gaily humming their brief lives away.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

v. O Krishna, You with face of lotus-lily blue,
Set on my moonlike brow in morning dusk
A gallant tilak isled in juice of musk,
Where pearl fatigue's bright tiny drops of dew.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

vi. Adorer mine! Within my pretty knot of hair,
So charmingly undone by dear Love dancing there,
Set Love's high banner and his fly-whisk pale;
Tie flowers with this wondrous pin of peacock's tail.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

vii. In hidden caverns of my lap's sweet grace
Love's surging passion overcomes the fame
Of demon Samvara, with true and blessed aim
Sets jewelled girdle, dress and ornaments in place.
This to Yadu's Son she said
As with blissful heart she played.

viii. Your kindly hearts to Jayadeva's words apply;
Fair ornament to you it surely will bring nigh.
They cure the fevers which in this dark age all meet
Through sweetest memories of Hari's feet.

9. " Place on my breasts one tender little leaf,
And make a scented mark upon my cheeks;
Re-tie the loosened girdle round my waist,
And with a garland bind my heavy hair;
Set straight the line of bangles on my arms;
Arrange the chain of anklets on my feet."
These services the loving Radha sought
That she might hide from others the vast joy
Which had immersed her in its surging tide,
And the Beloved did as she had said.

The inmost secrets of love must be shared by the Two alone; no others must be allowed to know what has transpired in those holy hours hidden in the secret arbour of the heart. So Krishna restores Radha to her normal appearance, concealing the outer signs of the transports of her joy.

10. Ah, may that Hari guard you from all ill,
Who rests reclined upon the serpent-lord,
Whose endless rows of hoods like gathered gems
Reflect most wondrously His glorious form.
It is the Daughter of the Ocean holds
His lotus feet; maybe the eagerness
To gaze upon her beauty out of eyes
In hundreds can define the mystic cause
For which he multiplies his bodies sown
Through this most wondrous universe of love.

To see the beauty of Radha, Consort of the Lord, Ananta has taken millions on millions of bodies, so that he may admire every aspect of her loveliness.

11. This happy skill in all the arts of song,
This steady meditation on the Lord,
This piercing insight in the heart of Love,
All that is known from poets of the past—
All these has Jayadeva, scholar, bard,
Sri Krishna's single-hearted devotee;

Distil them from this 'Gita-Govinda',
And contemplate them in the depths of bliss.

In this Poem are gathered the essence of all beauties of older poems—their knowledge, poesy, devotion; these elements should be drawn from its study and brooded on most blissfully by the wise.

12. So long as Jayadeva's words may spread
Through this sad world the loving passion-mood,
You need no longer think, "Nectar is sweet";
Of sugar you may say, "You are too hard";
Of grapes, "Ah, who would care to grip you now?"
Of living water, "You are really dead";
Of milk, "You are diluted, void of taste";
Of mango fruit, "Go weep alone and sigh";
Of sweetheart's lips, "Now, you may lonely die".

13. Sri Jayadeva is the honoured son
Of Radhadevi, spouse of Bhojadev.
Let his divinely mystic poem dwell
Forever in the throats of everyone
Sprung from Parasara's beloved line—
With the sweet name 'Sri Gita-Govinda'.

14. And may these playful deeds of the small hands
Of Purushottama, which loved to roam
Between the peepul-berries of the breast
Of Radha, filled with every choice delight,
Where her dark hair is thrilled by subtle touch
Of her pearl necklace, while these Lovers rove
Together banks and Yam'na's shady grove—
Ah, may they lead you to the shrine of Love!

After once again stressing the perfection of sweetness contained in the Poem, because it tells of Radha-Krishna, Source of all sweetness in the universe, Jayadeva tells us his parents' names—perhaps his mother's name may have helped to show this devotion in his heart!—and he closed with a prayer that the Divine Couple may lead his readers to that mystic arbour of the inmost heart where, in secrecy, the human Soul is at-oned with the all-loving God.

NOTES

Asoka: (*Jonesia asoca*), a tree of about 20 ft. high, with grand red flowers and legumes, erect trunk, dark brown smooth bark, spreading branches, with long pinnate leaves which are reddish when young. At first the flowers are orange in colour; they give a fragrance at night and much honey. The legume is long and sickle-shaped. When in full bloom it is one of the loveliest trees in the world, having a large shady head.

Avatar: lit: descent. The coming down of God in visible form into His creation to work some great deliverance.

Bali: lit: gift, offering, victim. The devotee-King who offered his sovereignty over the universe, and himself, to God in the form of the Dwarf beggar, Vamana.

Bandhuka: (*pentapetes phoenicea*), a herbaceous perennial bush about 5 ft. high, with large scarlet flowers during the rains, opening at night and fading next morning, with a double calyx and 5 inner petals. Smooth erect stem with leaves smooth both sides. Also called Ixora (Skt. *bandhujiva*).

Bhrigupati: lit: lord of the firewood. A name of Parasurama, Brahmin Avatar who destroyed the tyrannous warriors of the age.

Bignolia: (Skt. *patali*), known as the Fragrant Trumpet tree, flowering in summer with large very fragrant crimson flowers hanging singly, and with oval serrated leaves, downy on both sides when young, opposite in pairs. This is a favourite garden flower in India.

Braja: The area wherein Brindavan and Mathura are situated in North India, and where the special dialect used in devotional poetry arose.

Brindavan: The holiest place of pilgrimage of all Vaishnavas, for it was here, a few miles from Mathura, where Sri Krishna taught the mysticism of spiritual Love to His devotees, the Gopis, and their leader Radha.

Chakor: The Greek partridge, which poets allege lives on the moon-beams and so is a figure for the lover who lives on the beauty of his sweetheart's moon-like beauty.

CLOVES: (Skt. *lavanga*), (*limonia scandens*), a big and strong climber to near 10 ft., with several branches to the same root, thorny trunk with ashy bark, alternate trefoil leaves, large white flowers in a raceme, very fragrant, with four narrow oblong fleshy recurved petals and in the centre an oblong berry with single seed and resinous fragrant pulp.

DALBERGIA: (Skt. *vanjula*), (*dalbergia Oojelnensis*). This tree grows in 14 years to 35 ft., has dark brown seamy bark, many spreading branches and branchlets, many small rose-pink flowers with a soft scent, long petiled ternate leaves.

DAMODAR: lit. the one who draws the bosom with a rope (?), one of Sri Krishna's many lovely names.

DEVAKI: the mother of Sri Krishna, who gave Him birth while in prison.

DHATURA: (*datura stramonium*), a bush with trumpet-shaped large white or purple flowers having a strong intoxicating scent. The fruit is poisonous; it is a green spiky capsule with many seeds. The leaves are used for medicinal purposes. Known also as the Deadly Nightshade, or Thorn-apple.

DUSHANA: the general of the demon King, Ravana, whom Sri Rama overthrew. The name means lit: to violate, spoil, corrupt.

FIVE-ARROWS: The weapons of Madana, the God of Love, representing the five senses by which he charms and captivates the children of men.

GARCINIA: or 'gardenia', a tropical bush covered with yellowish white flowers of extremely sweet fragrance.

GARUDA: the divine Kite whereon Vishnu is carried in the sky.

GOKUL: a village nearly opposite Mathura over the river Yamuna, where Sri Krishna spent his infancy in the house of Nanda.

GOPA: lit: cowherd. At Brindavan the Gopas were Sri Krishna's loving friends.

GOPI: fem. of above. The ineffable love of the Gopis for Sri Krishna, the Holy Child, has made them for all time the emblem of selfless devotion.

GOVINDA: *i.e.* Gop-endra, chief cowherd, a name of Sri Krishna.

HALADHARA: lit: plough-wielder, a name of Balarama, elder brother of Sri Krishna, believed to be an incarnation of Vishnu in another aspect.

HARA: *i.e.* Siva, the Lord who takes away or destroys evil.

HARI: lit: who takes away (sin), name of the Lord Sri Krishna as Saviour.

INDRA: the King of material heaven, who had to admit Sri Krishna his superior.

JANARDANA: the ruler of the people, *i.e.* Sri Krishna.

JAYADEVA: lit: victory to God, name of the poet.

KADAMBA: (*nauclea cadamba*), known as Parvati's tree, whereon Sri Krishna sat when He led the Gopis to complete surrender in Brindavan. An evergreen growing to 20 feet with fine dark shade, erect smooth trunk, many spreading branches, long leaves, solitary orange flowers with white clubbed stigmas and five-parted calyx, fragrant and trumpet-shaped. Tiny triangular wingless seeds in four-sided capsules ripe in autumn, flowers in May.

KALI: the last and most degenerate age, wherein we are living now.

KALIYA: the poisonous serpent in the Yamuna, on whose heads Sri Krishna was found dancing as a very young child.

KALKI: the last of the Ten great Avatars, who comes on horseback to destroy the degenerate world at the end of time.

KAMSA: the wicked uncle of Sri Krishna, whose reign of tyranny was ended when He slew him at Mathura in youth.

KESHAVA: lit: the long-haired or beautiful of locks, *i.e.* Sri Krishna.

KESI: a long-haired demon slain by Sri Krishna.

KETAKI: (*pandanus odoratissimus*), the Fragrant Screwpine, the powerful sweet scent coming from tender white leaves of the male. The tree grows to 20 ft., is evergreen, and blossoms in July with compound white flowers having narrow oblong petals. The fruit is oval and compound, about 8 ins. long, rough and of a rich orange colour; the leaves are in three spiral rows round end of branches, drooping, long and tapering, smooth and glossy. The trunk is large and fibrous with spreading ramous bush.

KOHL: an Arabic word; the black powder used for heightening the colour of eyelashes and eyebrows and so increasing beauty.

KOIL: a form of black cuckoo, whose song is most attractive in India; by the poets often used as a symbol of lovers.

KRISHNA: lit: black, dark—interpreted as the one who attracts all. In our poem, as everywhere among Vaishnavas, this name is used for the Supreme God who is above and beyond all Gods, even Brahma, Siva and Vishnu. He is also the Darling of all hearts dwelling in everyone—the hero of our Poem.

KSHATTRIYAS: the military and ruling caste, largely destroyed by Parasurama.

KUVALAYAPID: the demon elephant at Kamsa's court, slain by Sri Krishna.

LAC: a red juice derived from a resin and used for staining the lower parts of the hands and feet.

ाय-ग्रन्थालय,
भरतनिधि, करौंदी
वाराणसी-5

Lakshmi: The goddess of wealth, prosperity, success; as her Lord is Sri Krishna, she rules over the many heavens of Vaikuntha.

Lanka: the native name for Ceylon even now. Ravana was King of Lanka.

Love or Madana: often called the Mindborn because love arises within, or the Bodiless because so hard to slay with outer weapons. He carries five darts but was slain by Siva with one fiery glance of self-knowledge.

Madhava: lit: descendant of Madhu, *i. e.* one connected with Madhu. Sri Krishna slew the demon Madhu.

Madhavi: (*gaertnera racemosa*), known as Delight of the Woods and Hiptage. A large twining climber on big trees, very beautiful and fragrant, flowers in rains and winter with five petals, four white, fifth cream and rosy. It grows to 15 feet, is evergreen, with oblong and obovate leaves.

Madhu:. demon slain by Sri Krishna.

Madhusudhana: lit: Conqueror of Madhu, *i.e.* Sri Krishna.

Malati: (*jasminum grandiflorum*), called the Spanish jasmine, an evergreen climbing to 15 ft. with white scented flowers in July opening in the evening; leaves opposite and pinnate, 3 or 5 leaflets coming together.

Manasa: the mythical Lake of the Mind, identified with Manasarovar in Tibet.

Mandara: (*erythrina indica*), called the Coral Tree, an evergreen growing to 12 ft. with black prickly branches and lovely scarlet flowers in June. It gives good shade and has many blossoms, a legume develops with 6-8 seeds purple-black in colour; its leaves make good manure.

Mango: (Skt. *amra*), (*mangifera indica*), the large shady tree with wide and spreading branches, leaves lanceolate in groups of five, reddish turning to a rich green, small yellow flowers with a touch of red at base. The fruit is large and kidney-shaped to oval, one of the most tasty in India, with a rich flavour and fragrance. The wood may be 15 ft. in circumference and is much used in building but does not bear much rain or heat.

Mograh: (Skt. *vakula, pakuda*), (*mimusops elengi*). Evergreen growing to 12 ft. with erect trunk and smooth bark, many branches turning up at end to form globular head. Leaves deep shining green both sides, drooping white flowers with sweet scent; oval smooth berry edible when yellow and ripe. The flowers are said to bloom when sprinkled with nectar from a woman's mouth.

Mohwah: (Skt. *madhuka*), (*bassia latifolia*). Evergreen tree to 40 ft. dropping its leaves in winter. Short straight trunk, smooth ashy bark, leaves crowd at end. Many flowers bowing to ground, crowded in peduncle, honey yellow in colour, blooming in August and with spirituous taste.

Mridāni: the wife of Siva.

Mukunda: lit: giver of liberation, *i.e.* Sri Krishna.

Mura: one of the many demons overthrown by Sri Krishna.

Murari: Name of Sri Krishna as conqueror of Mura.

Nanda: husband of Yashoda and foster-father of Sri Krishna in His childhood at Gokul and then at Brindavan. Chief of the Gopas.

Naraka: lit: hell; the son of Vishnu and the earth, slain by Sri Krishna.

Narayana: lit: the support of men, one of God's favourite Names, Sri Krishna.

Padmavati: the wife of Sri Jayadeva.

Palasa: (*butea frondosa*), the holy Pismire tree, with crooked trunk and bark thick and scabrous giving red juice; irregularly bent branches, leathery pointed leaves rough below; from naked branch-end come bunches of large deep-red flowers, tubular and hanging, the infusion of which dyes cloth a bright yellow. The tree grows to about 40 ft.

Parasara: the devotee and companion of Sri Jayadeva.

Pitambar: lit: clad in yellow, and so a name of Sri Krishna.

Pulastya: lit: straight-haired; name of a Rishi and Prajapati.

Pundarikaksha: lit: lotus-eyed, *i.e.* beautiful, a name of Sri Krishna.

Purushottama: lit: best of men, *i.e.* the incarnate Sri Krishna, specially as known and worshipped at the temple of Puri.

Putana: A demoness who tried to kill the infant Sri Krishna with poison from her breast, but He destroyed and so liberated her instead.

Radhika: endearing form of the name Radha; in the poem she stands for the human Soul seeking its Lord, but in Vaishnava books she is rather the Divine Power of Love whereby Sri Krishna caused all things to come to be.

Ravana: the ten-headed demon King of Lanka overthrown by Sri Rama.

Sarasvati: the goddess of learning and the arts.

Sesame: (Skt. *tila*), (*sesamum indicum*), known as gingelly and used for its oil. It is an annual growing to 4 ft. with reddish flowers and simple ternate leaves; the crop is out in September.

Sita: daughter of King Janaka and wife of Sri Rama,

Śiva: Known as the destroyer of evil, he drank the poison of the world and so enabled life to survive down here. He is the Lord of ascetics, the centre of a devotional cult in the South no less powerful than that of Sri Krishna Himself. He is smeared with ash and wears serpents.

Swayamvarā: the bride's choice of her husband.

Tamala: (*xanthochymus pictorius*), known as the mangosteen and garcinia. This has a straight trunk with dark olive bark, expanding and opposite branches growing to about 10 ft. Leaves narrow and lanceolate with both surfaces shiny; the flowers come in small bundles at the end of branchlets and are greenish white and unscented; the fruit is orange, the size of an apple, smooth and rather sweet yellow pulp, part near the seed being edible, ripe in November.

Tilak: the small round spot painted on the forehead to invoke victory and all good success.

Vanamāli: lit: (the wearer of a forest garland), Sri Krishna represented as adorned with a wreath of wild flowers and forest leaves.

Vāsudeva: the son of Vasudeva, *i.e.* Sri Krishna, used specially in one of His transcendental aspects.

Yadu: the physical ancestor of Sri Krishna, from whom His clan are called the Yadavas.

Yama: the King of Death, usually shown with the noose wherewith he catches souls to carry them to his hidden realms.

Yamuna: the holy river which flows past Brindavan, as a goddess the daughter of Yama. It is the water of divine play wherein Sri Krishna sports ever with His beloved, the human Soul.

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I am indebted a good deal for these notes to Dr. William Roxburgh's "Flora Indica", and to Monier-Williams' Sanskrit Dictionary.

No attempt whatever has here been made to explain the elaborations implied to Vaishnavas in the various Names of Sri Krishna; they may be found explained in the "Sri Chaitanya-charitamrita"—Madhya-lila, last part.

* * *

APPENDIX

As a sort of parallel to the seemingly erotic metaphor used by Sri Jayadeva, we quote passages from the "Song of Solomon", which forms a part of the Hebrew and Christian Bible, beloved by all Western mystics for its deep esoteric significance, and the "Spiritual Canticle" of St. John of the Cross, a doctor of Mystical Theology who lived in Spain in the sixteenth century.

The Song of Songs—In the Style of Salamah:

(*Brothers*:) We have a little sister who has no breasts as yet; what shall we do with our sister when the wooer comes? If she refuses like a wall, we shall adorn her with dowries of silver; if she opens like a door, we shall board her up with cedar! . . .

(*Soul*:) Would that You were like my brother who was suckled by my mother! I would meet You outside with a kiss, yes, I would not be refused! I would bring You into the house of my mother who taught me; I would let You drink the fragrant wine of my pomegranate juice. . . . Oh for a kiss from Your lips, for Your caresses are sweeter than wine! Rare is the fragrance of Your perfumes, and the sound of Your Name is water like a scent. All the girls are in love with You, but draw me to You—let us hasten—bring me to Your Inner Room, my King, and let us there be enraptured with delight. Your love is sweeter than wine; no wonder all adore You!

(*Beloved*:) My love, I liken you to a filly in Pharaoh's chariot—your cheeks decked with curls, your neck with strings (of jewels); we will have golden beads studded with silver hung on you!

(*Soul*:) I am but a flower of the plain, a lily of the valley.

(*Beloved*:) Like a lily among briars, so is My love among the girls!

(*Soul*:) And like an apple-tree in the forest, so is my Darling among the youths! Dearly would I love to lie down in His shadow tasting His sweet fruit!

(*Beloved*:) How beautiful you are, how sweet, My love! How fair you are with dove-like eyes!

(*Soul*:) My Beloved, how beautiful, how sweet You are! Our bed (of love) shall be the green (grass), the ceiling of our house the branches of cedar, and the fire our rafters. Ah, now He has brought me to His Inner Room of bliss festooned with love! Sustain me with raisins, revive me with apples, for I swoon with love; let Your left hand support my head, let Your right hand embrace me! . . . My Darling is mine, and I am His; He feeds among the lilies till the dawn, when the shadows flee away. O turn to me, my Love, hasten and play like a young roe or fawn upon my scented slopes! . . . Night after night in bed I dreamed of my Beloved; I sought Him but found Him not. (I said:) "I will rise now and search the town through street and square, seeking my Beloved." I sought Him, but I found Him not! On their rounds the watchmen met me; (I asked): "Have you seen my Beloved?" Scarce had I left them when I found my Beloved. I held Him fast and would not let Him go till I had brought Him to my mother's house and my mother's Inner Room. . . .

(*Beloved:*) Until the dawn comes and the shadows flee away, I will hie Me to your scented slopes, to the hills of fragrance. You are altogether beautiful, My love, there is no flaw in you! . . . You have ravished My heart, My own bride; you have ravished My heart with a glance from your eye, with one hair from your neck! How sweet is your love, My own bride; far sweeter are your caresses than wine, the fragrance of your perfumes than all spices! Your lips drip honey, O my Bride; your whispers are honeyed milk; the scent of your robe is like the odour of Lebanon.

My own bride is a garden enclosed, a sealed fount of water! Oh, your charms are like a pomegranate orchard full of ripe fruits . . . O North Wind, awake! Blow, Wind of the South! Breathe upon My garden that its odours may be wafted forth.

(*Soul:*) Let my Beloved come into His garden and taste its sweet fruits.

(*Beloved:*) My own bride, I come into My garden to gather myrrh and balsam, to eat My honey in the comb, to drink My wine and milk!

(*Girls:*) Eat away, dear ones, and drink your fill of love!

(*Soul:*) When my King is at His table, my charms breathe out their fragrance. My Beloved is a bunch of myrrh that lies all night between my breasts. . . . Oh, wear me as a name-plate on Your heart, as a ring upon Your hand, for love is strong as death, and passion conquers like the grave, its sparks burn like fire, like lightning flashes! . . .

My Beloved has gone into His garden, to the flower-beds of balsam, to feed in His garden and to gather flowers. For I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine; He feeds among my flowers! . . .

(*Beloved:*) You are as fair, My love, as a crocus and beautiful as the lily of the valley. But you overawe Me like a bannered army; ah, turn aside those eyes of yours that frighten Me! . . . How beautiful you are, how charming for love's delights, My love! Your figure is like a very palm, whose clusters are your breasts; I said, "Let Me climb that palm and take hold of its boughs!" Oh, your breasts are like clustered grapes, the breath of your nose like apples; your kisses are like the sweetest wine that smoothly glides over lips and teeth!

(*Soul:*) Oh, I am my Beloved's, and He longs for me! Come away, my Beloved, to the field; let us sleep among the henna-blossoms, and start at dawn for the vineyards to see if the vines are fruiting yet or if their buds are open, if the pomegranates bloom. There shall I give you all my love, love's apples yielding scent and (the fruits of) all my charms—both ripe and tender. O my Love, I have kept them all for You!

The Spiritual Canticle of St. John of the Cross

(*Soul:*) Where hast Thou hidden Thyself, O Beloved, leaving me to my sighing? Having wounded me, Thou didst flee like the hart; I went out after Thee calling, calling, but Thou wert gone! Shepherds, you who go yonder through the sheep-cotes to the hill, if by chance you see Him whom I love most, tell Him that I languish, suffer and die. Seeking my Love, I will cross over yonder mountains and banks; I will neither pluck the flowers nor fear the wild beasts; I will pass by the mighty ones and cross the boundaries. O woods and bushes planted by the Beloved's hand, O meadow of greenness, enamelled with flowers, say if He has passed by you!

(*Nature:*) Scattering a thousand graces, He passed through these groves in haste and, looking on them as He went, left them clothed in beauty by His very glance!

(*Soul:*) Ah, who will be able to heal me? Now abandon Thyself completely and from today send me no other messenger, for they cannot tell me what I desire. All those who serve Thee relate to me a thousand of Thy graces and wound me all the more, while something they stammer leaves me dying. . . . Since Thou hast wounded this heart, why hast Thou not healed it? . . . Reveal Thy presence, and let the vision of Thee and of Thy beauty slay me; behold, the affliction of love is cured only by Thy presence and Thy form. . . .

(*Beloved:*) The Bride has entered into the pleasant garden of her desire and rests at her pleasure, her neck reclining on the Beloved's gentle arms. . . .

(*Soul:*) Our flowery bed, encompassed with dens of lions, is hung with purple, built in peace, and crowned with a thousand shields of gold. . . . In the inner cellar I have drunk of my Beloved; . . . there He gave me His breast, there He taught me a most delicious knowledge, and I gave myself to Him indeed, keeping nothing back, there I promised Him to be His bride. . . . Nor have I now any other work, for now all my business is in loving Him alone. . . .

Surely no one who reads these, and countless similar passages in the approved literature of the "Christian West", dare any longer utter foul blasphemies against the exquisite imagery wherewith Sri Jayadeva portrays the Divine Love that burns between the Soul and her eternal Lover!

Note: I have no record of the actual sources of these fragmentary translations; should they by any chance be copyright, I humbly crave the pardon of those who have some claim on them.—D. G.

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